THE COMMONWEAL

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THE BROOKHART CRUSADE

THE past year went a good way toward knocking the bottom out of "prosperity." Has it likewise removed the underpinning from prohibition? This promises to be the question which will most seriously engross Congress during what remains of the present session. Such a development had not been foreseen. Observers had predicted—and the President's message seemed to take for granted—that most of the Capitol's brow-knitting would be caused by the tariff, farm relief and similar prosaic matters. But Senator Brookhart went to a dinner and his usually dependable nose ferreted out a flask the contents of which were, seemingly, illegal. Upon the basis of this evidence the Senator launched a fierce attack upon the administration. If the law was not being enforced in the District of Columbia, where was it being staunchly upheld? And if the President had endorsed the "noble experiment," how high a valuation ought to be placed upon that endorsement?

Great gladioli from little corbels grow. A tiny grain of wheat, detected inside an Egyptian pyramid, flowered into one of Mr. Bryan's most eloquent addresses. And in a manner equally impressive the queries advanced by the Senator from Iowa have expanded into the slogans of a crusade. It was learned that evidence regarding the prevalence of offenses against Volsteadism was by no means limited to odors escaping from a bottle. Senator Borah has an almost scientific confidence in the statistical method; and having applied this to the problem in hand, he reported that (a) the Eighteenth Amendment was not being observed, and (b) improvement was out of the question until the personnel charged with enforcement could be overhauled "from top to bottom." The supply of rebuttals to the Borah thesis has been enormous. Virtually everybody engaged in the battle upon bootleggers at least engineered a good defense—of himself. Even Mr. Hoover is reported as having inquired into the precise meaning and documentation of that thesis. And the end is not yet.

Senator Brookhart has returned to the charge. He confessed that like unto a certain celebrated naval hero, he had only begun to fight. "I want Secretary Mellon removed," he declares, "but that alone will not suffice." Indeed the catalogue of persons whom the Senator would conduct to the exit is almost the Social Register of Washington. Mr. Ogden L. Mills, Under-Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Seymour Low-

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man, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Dr. James Doran, Commissioner of Prohibition—these are some of the gentlemen branded for extinction. Now it is quite conceivable that this quest for "a complete reorganization of prohibition officials at the top" is really a flank attack upon the "conservative" element in the administration. As a plan it has much to commend it from the indefatigably resurgent point of view. But as a whole the crusade is obviously not aimed at a limited group but at the whole attitude toward prohibition which the Republican party has allowed itself to assume. Somewhat more than a year ago, many a voter thought that the dry law could be formally upheld at the polls and informally ignored afterward. These voters unquestionably are going to receive a jolt.

Purely political factors, anxiety about the fate of drought and personal considerations all seem inextricably involved in this latest endeavor to give Volsteadism a curtain call. Everybody expects that the result will be an attempt to push through Congress some more drastic legislation than has hitherto been in vogue. Whether that would mean an alignment of moderate drys against extremists remains to be seen, and is at present doubtful. In so far as they have unveiled their tactics, the extremists seem to be working for a law which will make the purchaser of liquor as guilty as the seller. Some are contending that the aforesaid purchaser is lawless at present, but a new measure might relieve his conscience of all doubt. It is evident, however, that while prohibitionists from the South may continue to pin naive faith to some fresh and rosy statute, men of the Borah stamp are out to strengthen executive support of the Amendment. All of which seems to promise a lively fight, not to mention a curtailment of the general peace of mind.

Under such circumstances it is a relief to discern that statesmen are not alone in their devotion to the prohibition theme. While President Nicholas Murray Butler cannot be accused of ever having abetted the causes dear to Bishop Cannon, it is of not a little importance that he should have issued the following statement in an academic report: "There is no ground whatever for the conventional statement that violation of one law, or disrespect for it, leads to the disregard of all law. The contrary is the case." After all, if a university is worth anything, it must teach that law is a creature of reason. What we obey, or respect, is not the formula arrived at by a majority of gentlemen canny enough to get themselves elected, but the sovereignty of reason. When Jones finds himself out of step with all his neighbors, there is little doubt regarding Jones's inability to make a helpmeet of reason. But when a problem has racked the brains and consciences of an electorate during years, when no egress seems permitted from a practical tangle, it is no idle thing to say that respect for reason is a prime civic necessity.

WEEK BY WEEK

GROWING conviction that Mr. Hoover's energies have been absorbed in a stubborn wrestling bout with a recalcitrant Congress has much to feed on these days. He allowed the tariff to ride in order to get an arm free for administrative jobs which called for action; and ever since the Senate has been tugging, like the proverbial calf, to get more rope. The situation is now quite different from the customary antipathy between a President and his Congress. That reposes intimately upon the fundamental duality of American politics. An executive must always cling to a central, nation-minded program; the Senate and House are distributive, manifesting the innumerable variants of sectional opinion. Ideally speaking, the debate is solved by adroit presidential leadership, which probably demands specifically political genius. At present we seem to be witnessing a President who has lost his interest in Congress. Mr. Hoover appears very like a fisherman who started out to play with a big trout, and then suddenly grew absorbed in the scenery. And so the Senate has not only done what it wanted about federal judgeship appointees and the international bank, but has plunged Washington into a prohibition turmoil which the President, however successfully he may preserve his equanimity, can hardly view with pleasure, and which has scant prospects of precipitating anything concrete.

Mapping a Blind Alley

GOVERNMENT through commissions is a hazardous thing at best. We believe it has succeeded better in international affairs, which public opinion affects only relatively, than in domestic business. For years a French Commission studied agriculture, and the result was not so much as a single remedial statute. Now, after an open debate in the Chamber, the Tardieu ministry has obtained sizable appropriations for relief and has put through a sensible program. Is Mr. Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission following this example? It was born of a clear-cut campaign promise to secure the facts regarding the actual working out of the Eighteenth Amendment. Then it was more or less adroitly changed into a body charged with examining the public attitude toward all law, on the curious assumptions that disobedience to one statute meant indifference to all and that selling a quart of liquor can be bracketed with murder under the general heading of crime. Now finally it has been made clear, in a talk between Mr. Wickersham and Senator Jones, that the Commission will not consider prohibition as a "question of national policy." This means that only those aspects of the subject will be examined which the drys wish to make topics of conversation. The development of the idea is, therefore, apparent and disturbing. If Mr. Hoover backs up in this overcautious fashion, he will sooner or later end by being the office boy.

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WE WELCOME General Smuts, whose influence may wane from time to time in his own country, but grows steadily greater upon the rest of the world. Few living men have contributed so much toward the enlightenment of our times. For what interest we may have in the outlawry of war, in the progress of the backward races, and the rights of minorities, he is to be thanked at least as much as anyone. Although he is so largely responsible for the founding of the League of Nations, his first statement upon arrival was to assure us that he is not here to plead our membership in it. He will speak of it, with all the other means for insuring peace: the World Court, the Naval Disarmament conferences, the Kellogg pact and the Locarno treaties, but he will not suggest that we join it. We hope that this is sufficient to relieve some of our contemporaries whose pleasure in the prospect of a visit from the General was tempered by uneasiness that one of the chief sponsors of the League of Nations should be commemorating its tenth anniversary, not at Geneva, but in the most important of the non-member countries.

General Smuts

IF MUCH credence is not placed in reports from Spain that Primo de Rivera will shortly establish a new Parliament, composed of a single house, and then resign, it is not because we mistake in the Spanish Dictator another Mussolini, bent on remaining in power for the rest of his days. Eventually, we have no doubt, de Rivera will act as he promises and as he has promised ever since he assumed control in Spain. But at this distance from the scene it does not appear that the peace and welfare of the country are any more certain today than they were seven years ago, or than they have been at any time during these seven years, excepting only that the Riffian war is over. The dictator may as well have resigned after the surrender of Abd-el-Krim in 1926 as at present. The throne is still weak. Revolutions are frequent, and although they never amount to more than rather violent demonstrations, they serve to indicate the country's uneasiness. Very little of the dictator's program has been carried out. Education is as undernourished as it was seven years ago, and the peseta is wobbly. Primo de Rivera has hardly begun his job. To resign now will be to admit what many have suspected, that he cannot begin it.

Will De Rivera Resign?

CAPTAIN R. G. Canning's report on Palestine is impressive because he insists upon the complete unity of the Arab population, Moslem and Christian, Bedouin and Effendi, to defeat the Balfour Declaration, and "the intentions of politically-minded Zionists." That this unity is of recent origin, he admits; that it is weak or temporary, he denies. He agrees with all other authoritative observers on the point that Arab resentment against the Jew is not racial, not religious, but political, and disagrees with some by saying that the Arabs still trust in the British public, if not in British officialdom. England's reputation for justice is still considerable, but is being dissipated by politicians and "unversed judges." It is a dismal prospect which he opens up, for the Balfour Declaration will certainly not be withdrawn. There is a hope for peace, we believe, despite the present Arab hostility which Captain Canning reports, if the Jews can give and are willing to give substantial proof that their aspirations are not national, and if English officials can give a new interpretation to the Balfour Declaration—an interpretation which will take the sting out of it. But it is the only hope and the men who see this, like Dr. Judah L. Magnes, are the men to trust in these days.

The United Arabs

IF ALL Catholics used the missal it would be far and away the most popular book in existence. And it should be. Pure literary gold from the first letter to the last, it is the sublime text for the most awe-inspiring of rituals. But though many have worked hard to popularize the liturgy, throngs of people still do not follow so much as a prayer. Though several of the excuses they proffer will hardly bear analysis, one is doubtless authentic and important. It is not always easy to turn from one part of a missal to another, and the reference work required by some editions is almost stupendous. Two enterprising young priests of the St. Paul archdiocese have therefore devised a "leaflet missal" which seems to answer a genuine need. A little pamphlet contains the text of a given Mass in translation, and incorporates a few brief notes. The editing has been carefully done, the format is very practical, and the price is low. We suggest that the "leaflet missal" should meet with a cordial welcome in places where the faithful need introduction to the liturgy, and where continued use will gradually train many for proper understanding of the missal itself. Inquiries may be directed to the Leaflet Missal, 244 Dayton Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota. It is needless to add that the idea has the endorsement of the ordinary.

Popular Liturgy

DOUSING science with abundant praise, Dr. Robert A. Millikan cheered his numerous fellows recently convened at Des Moines, Iowa. He held that research and discovery were not equipping men with new instruments of destruction but were outfitting the workers for peace with new conditions: that science may have routinized labor to some extent, but that it has abolished the more frightful drudgery of olden times; and that the Creator's universe is foolproof enough to prevent human tinkering with the cosmic foundations. With much of this we are in complete agreement. Science is one form of the use of

Dr. Millikan's Optimism

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reason, and it is impossible to believe that reason was intended to lie idle. Our only doubt arises not out of a criticism of the laboratory but out of other considerations entirely. The human universe is a marvelous, incomprehensible unit. You cannot develop only one part of it and expect the whole to be in good condition. And during recent years so much has been neglected that is quite as important as research into nature that the outlook is not too hopeful. Nobody can blame science for having unearthed energies which can be used as dreadful agents of destruction; but we must realize how ominous it is that humanity still fondles those agents for reasons of covetousness or pride. It is not the fact that work is standardized that matters (what could have been more mechanical than the labor of an old Spanish peasant?) but that the forces which render leisure creative have not been developed. Plain sin is humanity's tragic weakness, which many a numbskull in our time has tried to circumvent with a mere denial. In short, the trouble is that science has been praised or blamed for things with which homo sapiens must be charged. But we cannot be very optimistic while that charge remains so prominently on the calendar of human conduct.

Woman's Economic Lot

COMPLETING a survey of women's position in industry, Miss Agnes L. Paterson, assistant director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, complains that their lot is growing harder. "The majority of employed women are at a great disadvantage," she concludes, "either because the needs of their families are so great that they do not dare to bargain about a job for fear of losing out altogether, or because they are too young and inexperienced to choose or bargain among the jobs available." There is no doubt that these conditions exist. They are at the base of all economic history. And very much more applicable to the male. On the other hand, something of a double standard in employment and payment of the two sexes does exist. Single women are very frequently job holders merely to fill the gap between school and marital duties; married women often require concessions which are made necessary by the exigencies of their wedded state. These are factors which employers consciously or instinctively consider. That they work detrimentally to the large numbers who regard their occupations as reasonably permanent is an unfortunate situation but one not yet easily curable. However, woman may be consoled by recognizing the facts that her progress in almost every field of industry during the past two decades has been phenomenal and that a complete economic readjustment to her new position is still to be effected.

MEANWHILE she should not rely on chivalry which Miss Paterson bewails as "another age-worn theoretical myth." Chivalry is not yet a myth (parenthetically such a designation controverts the truth) but in America it is fast taking its place with the buffalo. Woman herself, with her demand for equality, and modern conditions of transportation tend more and more to leaven man's treatment of her. Nor is he blind to the charming inconsistency which leads a woman to proclaim the desire to be treated exactly as a man while using her feminine resources to win special consideration for herself as a woman. That she does win this consideration in many cases is proof of a greater chivalry than is evidenced by men arising at her entrance or giving her a seat in the subway. Fundamentally, of course, the difficulty is that woman wishes both to eat and to have her cake. At least the average business woman, however vociferously she may deny it, does; the woman who accepts economic dependence on the male is unconcerned about industrial equality, and for her chivalry remains a pleasurable reminder of romance which she would like to see preserved.

History and Thought

IT WAS an excellent idea to convene both the American Catholic Philosophical Association and the American Catholic Historical Association at the same time and place. The Catholic University acted as host, and was apparently saturated with oratory of a very superior kind. Monsignor James Hugh Ryan, rector of the University, was elected president of the first Association; Professor Francis J. Tschan, of Pennsylvania State College, was chosen to lead the second. To the philosophers, two things seemed of major importance: to emphasize that awareness of modern science and philosophic discovery which is one of the qualities of Neo-Scholasticism, and to commemorate the instruction given in Aeterni Patris, Pope Leo's encyclical, now fifty years old. Father John F. McCormick, S.J., summarized both matters well in his address as retiring president, by saying that not "all our thinking had been done for us at the end of the thirteenth century," and that "recovery of what Scholasticism actually is" must be achieved "through research and rediscovery." There were many fine addresses by members on topics which constitute part of the bridge between Saint Thomas and the moderns. The most important decision taken by the Historical Association was to begin publishing annually a series of volumes embodying source-material. It was announced that the initial book, edited by Leo Francis Stock, would contain the diplomatic correspondence between the United States and the Vatican.

The Uses of Adversity

HARD times on Broadway have had this effect: that a third of New York's theatrical producers have pledged themselves to work among their colleagues for acceptance of a plan which would eliminate the worst features of ticket scalping. The plan provides that agencies shall not be permitted to purchase large blocks of tickets weeks ahead of time; that a substantial number of desirable tickets

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shall be kept at the box-offices; that all agencies shall be bonded never to charge more for tickets than $.75 over the box-office price, and that a Manager's Bureau to police the plan shall be established. A ticket agency which violates the rules is to be boycotted and its bond forfeited; a producer who breaks the agreement is to be barred from selling his tickets through any bonded agency. Fair enough, but it is a safe bet that we shall hear no more of this if by some miracle interest in the theatre should pick up overnight. What can insure the acceptance of this plan, or a similar one, is a continuation of the conditions which created it. It is when plays are failing left and right that producers are most actively interested in giving the public a square deal. It is when bad plays and bad service makes for bad business that they speak of reform. This is the theatre-goers' inning on Broadway, and we hope they make the most of it.

Non-Financial Football

THE goal post continues to be a topic for discussion, even though the Carnegie Report did come out. A very revolutionary proposal was advanced in debate recently by President Day of Union College. He called for the abolition of gate receipts, professional coaches, subsidies, and (we judge) even cast a dynamitic eye upon the stadium. The New York World declares that his plan "is not so preposterous as it seems." It is a drastic remedy for the "vicious circle" which hinges on flask-carrying alumni, but the point is that it might eventually make all things square. Personally we believe that the proposal is very much like the statement of an old family doctor on the subject of small-pox. To prevent the ravages and evil after-effects of this disease it was merely necessary, he said, to stamp out the disease. Modern college football is a distinct creation. You cannot change it into the kind of sport Dr. Day wants. You can simply abolish it—if you can. We hold it far wiser to consider paying athletes as coaches are paid. This would, to be sure, necessitate curtailing a little the rents which colleges are now charging for the ground upon which football is played, but after all a virtuous game would be worth a nickel or two.

The Illustrious Bernarr

THOUGH some men have greatness thrust upon them, few are beset with it in carload lots. And if it were not for the brawny build and incomparable nerve of Mr. Bernarr MacFadden, he would doubtless be reposing, in the form of several smithereens, under an assault of fame as weird, as banal and as overwhelming as a crowd of Holy Rollers catapulted over the edge of an unsuspected cliff. For there has been issued not one MacFadden campaign biography, but three. It is the world's chance to get all the information. Photographs reveal the muscular contours of the great man himself, and the "perfect figure" once boasted by his spouse—MacFadden at twenty-one, MacFadden at his office desk, MacFadden unbending at play. The text is the purest literary incense, sprinkled with solid chunks of information regarding the MacFadden optimism and the MacFadden recipe for ice cream. If a choice must be made between the three volumes, our hats are off to the one by Clement Wood. Poor Wood was once a poet, and can still sling a wicked metaphor. There are 314 pages precisely like the following: "Is it any wonder that we hail such a David as of more importance than the most astute vendor of oil or rubber, or even as a greater contributor to human happiness than the man who contrives to rein electricity?" But the climax arrives with this comment on the one-time MacFadden poverty and the present MacFadden success: "The stone that was rejected for the foundation is become the corner-stone of the temple." Laugh if you like. But the tragic fact is that this bottomless stupidity and unlimited blather is an index to popular American civilization. Millions will gobble it up and ask for more. Rivers simply will wind to the sea. It is inevitable that after Trust Story, Physical Culture, the Graphic and Beautiful Womanhood we must get Bernarr himself.

CARDINAL GASPARRI RESIGNS

WHEN Cardinal Pietro Gasparri, Vatican Secretary of State since October, 1914, retires from active service to a life of quiet study at Castle Degrado, practically the last of the great wartime statesmen will have turned their work over to other and younger men. Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Sonnino have left the stage, and only Briand remains. There are many who believe that the Papal Secretary of State is the greatest of them all. However that may be, the progress achieved by Vatican diplomacy since he came to the helm has been nothing short of astounding. Prior to the world war, practically no important European nation was on friendly terms with the Holy See and very few states anywhere were represented at the papal court. Today Russia is the only power definitely at war with Catholic Rome.

In political temper Cardinal Gasparri has closely resembled Aristide Briand. Indeed, it is no secret that the two men have cordially approved each other's actions. Sensing the value of public opinion, willing to stake their reputations on the cause of world peace, convinced also that a code of international law is one of the best possible safeguards against conflict, both have been outspoken foes of reactionary nationalism. It is true that the Holy See openly formulates no diplomatic policy. One feels, however, that since 1914 three major principles have guided its conduct.

The first is a deepened allegiance to law. It will be remembered that during 1870 an English Protestant, David Urquhart, called upon Pope Pius IX with the request that the Vatican Council should issue a pronouncement on what was the Jus Gentium, the law of

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nations. Owing to events, the suggestion came to nothing, but it has been remembered. Little by little the way was cleared for a new codification of canon law, as the official legislation of the Church is called. It was Cardinal Gasparri who shouldered the heaviest burdens created by the writing of the new code. Appointed to the task by Pope Pius X in 1904, he completed it by 1918. A relatively small book of 488 pages now lists all current law under 2,414 canons. Every vestige of obsolete or conflicting legislation has been removed. It is now relatively easy for the Church to establish its relations with civil governments on the basis of this law, rather than upon outmoded or conflicting precedents.

The second principle has undoubtedly been confidence that the Roman question could be solved. For more than fifty years the Church had refused to accept the Italian Law of Guarantees and had lived in virtual imprisonment. Circumstances were such that even the astute statesmanship of Leo XIII was powerless to break the deadlock. But with the coming of the war, and of Cardinal Gasparri, the situation suddenly changed. Italy succeeded in preventing a papal delegate from bringing the question up at the Versailles Conference. But when Pius XI was elected Pope, he walked out upon the loggia of the Vatican basilica and gave the universal benediction to the crowd below. That was on February 7, 1922. Precisely seven years later, the news that an agreement had been arrived at between the Vatican and the Quirinal was announced. The Lateran treaties were signed on February 11, restoring the political independence of the Holy See and binding Italy to the terms of a concordat.

The third principle has been the need for church unity. Although resolutely committed to the stand that allegiance to Rome is a cardinal principle of Christendom, the Papacy has maintained a friendly attitude toward efforts to reunite Protestant groups. Its primary concern, however, has been with the East. How to regain the friendship of the oriental Orthodox Churches, separate since the collapse of the Byzantine empire, has been a query of sovereign importance. To date, owing to the opposition of Russia, little progress has been made. The Church has contented itself with such gestures of amity as Russian and near East relief, dispensed with unstinting generosity, and with avoiding everything which might be interpreted as catering to one or the other European nationalistic urge. In the end the world will appreciate the breadth of vision with which the Vatican has sized up the fusion of patriotic and religious feeling in those vast countries east of Constantinople which are stirring to new life.

While one cannot say that Cardinal Gasparri formulated these principles, it is certainly he who has done most to translate them into efficacious practice. Born at Capovalazza de Ussita on May 5, 1852, he continued his education until he had received the degree of doctor of philosophy, theology and canon law from the Pontifical Seminary in Rome. Then he served for a time as professor of canon law at the Catholic Institute of Paris. From 1898 to 1901 he was apostolic delegate to Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia, in all of which countries he became very popular. During 1907 he was made a Cardinal, and when Benedict XV was named Pope he immediately appointed Cardinal Gasparri his Secretary of State. The two had worked together under Cardinal Rampolla. Meanwhile the work of codifying canon law was in progress, and upon its completion the Pope paid public tribute to Gasparri, making him upon the same occasion Camerlengo of the Church.

During the war the greatest tact was required to avoid giving any impression of favoritism to either side. The difficulties are apparent from many such anecdotes as the following: A papal letter of November 8, 1918, characterizes the Italian victory as "fortunati successi"; if this be translated, as it frequently was, as "fortunate successes," an implication of rejoicing would be given; but the Italian word "fortunati" really means "caused by fortune." Peace remained the goal of Vatican diplomacy, culminating in the famous peace proposals of 1918. These enumerated seven points on the basis of which a cessation of hostilities might be arranged. President Wilson, however, replied in the negative, urging that a preliminary reform of the German government was necessary. And the Imperial Chancelor delayed so long that the opportunity passed.

When the victory had been gained by the Allies, the Vatican made an effort to become a party to the negotiations establishing the League of Nations, but was barred from participation by Italy which feared that the Roman question would be introduced. Cardinal Gasparri nevertheless strove to establish cordial relations with the League. During September, 1921, Benedict XV addressed to it a letter regarding the Russian famine, which was courteously acted upon. A papal nuncio was appointed to Berne, after that post had been vacant for fifty years. Later the Holy See addressed a note to Geneva, protesting against British monopoly of the commission to control Palestine. The result was a defeat of the original Balfour plan, and recognition of the traditional rights of the Catholic Church in the Holy Land. That is why Arab protests were sent, during 1929, to the Vatican. Among the lesser ties which bind Rome to Geneva one may note the appointment of Professor Gianfrancheschi to the commission established to reform the calendar, and the attendance of Catholic missionaries at the Opium Conference.

Meanwhile relations between the Holy See and civil governments had greatly improved. In 1920 twenty-six states had reëstablished diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and a year later the number was thirty. One cause of this revival of a traditional custom was no doubt the abrogation of the rule preventing foreign rulers from visiting the Quirinal while in Rome, but another was the increasing conviction that Rome was

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a moral power beyond comparison with any other. Concordats—or legal agreements with civil governments—were signed with Bavaria, Poland, Lithuania, Roumania and several Latin-American nations. The two most recent instances are the concordats with Italy and Prussia. While the first has been more widely discussed, the second—signed on June 14, 1929—is in many respects the more interesting. Here is a state which has long been the very home of Lutheranism, which less than fifty years ago was waging a Kulturkampf upon the Catholic Church, which has now amicably ruled what its attitude toward this Church is going to be.

Nevertheless life is not wholly a matter of roses. It is obvious that Cardinal Gasparri never made a secret of his fondness for American ways and traditions. This fact is revealed by such things as his approval of the project to Americanize the Vatican Library and to entrust the cataloguing of the Museo Cristiano, as the treasury of early Christian works of art is termed, to a group of scholars from Princeton University. But it appears most clearly in his fidelity to the aspirations of democracy throughout the world. Though the papal condemnation of the French Action Française was primarily spiritual in motive, few have doubted that the Vatican wished to cut the Church loose from royalistic fetters. Similarly Fascist Italy has not infrequently attacked the views and even the person of Cardinal Gasparri. When Pius XI protested against the stand taken by Mussolini with regard to education, Il Temere of Rome published a vitriolic denunciation of the Papal Secretary of State. Shortly afterward a well-informed correspondent reported: "It is notorious that Cardinal Gasparri is frequently the target chosen by the more aggressive nationalists, possibly because of the favor shown by him to the League of Nations and to a policy of peace."

THE ART OF PREACHING

MANY good men have set themselves to explaining the decreasing attendance in the churches of our Protestant brethren, and it is astonishing with what unanimity they have passed by the most obvious reason, which is the decline of the art of preaching. Golf, no doubt, has its pleasantries on a Sunday morning; motoring likewise, especially in decent weather. But these are not attractions which would considerably reduce the audiences of a Phillips Brooks, let us say, or a minor Jeremy Taylor. After all, the modern sermon has nothing of the dimensions of its ancestors; twenty minutes is about as much time as most preachers dare give themselves; yet even this allotment is not short enough to hide the deficiencies of preaching today. And here, perhaps, is the answer to the cry of the prophet: "Why do the heathen rage, and why do the people imagine a vain thing?"

If anyone doubts the low estate of the sermon, let him collect Monday editions of the newspapers in the principal cities of the United States, and read what the preachers of those cities had to say the day before. They will have discussed such questions as, Does advertising pay?, and Is there biblical authority for the habitation of the other planets? The natural history of ants, and the beauties of Teton National Park will have had their spokesmen. Saint Paul will have been proclaimed the first journalist. Some few will have spoken out against current examples of injustice, or considered the eternal truths and problems, which is certainly a preacher's business; but most will have avoided any reference to these things, and most will appear to have been very dull. It may be unfair to trust to any single newspaper account of any single sermon, but surely week in and week out, month in and month out, the press gives an impression faithful enough of what preaching is like. And anyone who knows anything about newspapering in the United States knows that the one thing which almost any reporter can do is to improve upon any speech or sermon he is assigned to cover.

It is usual to attribute the decline of any of the arts to the press of social and economic distractions. And certainly the preacher has cause to complain about the increasing complexity of his duties. More often than not, he is so swallowed up in the business affairs of his congregation that he has little time in which to prepare a sermon. Now a good sermon, need it be said, cannot be whisked up like an apple pie. It cannot be outlined in the fifteen minutes between cutting the lawn and eating breakfast on Sunday morning, and written in the hour between breakfast and church. It cannot be squeezed out in little half-hour parcels scattered through the week. It cannot be dictated offhand. It is not simply a matter of "Yours of the 7th inst. received and contents noted. We regret to say, etc." It is a work of art. It must develop slowly, amid the most sunny leisure. Given these conditions there is a chance that it may grow to its proper beauty.

But these are impossible things to ask, now and for some time to come. That true, we can only prepare ourselves to hear worse, and still worse sermons. There is no remedy that we can propose other than that commended by Sir Roger de Coverley, who made his chaplain a present of all the great sermons, "and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity." This method should have its advantages for some of our more harassed preachers. It would solve two problems at once: eliminate the anguish of preparing the weekly sermon, and assure them of their meditative reading.

It should be said that we have addressed these remarks to our Protestant brethren, not because they suffer alone from the decline of the art of preaching, but because (for obvious reasons) that decline has not yet injured the attendance at Catholic churches.

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AFTER THE LATERAN ACCORD

By UMBERTO GUGGIERI

Since the Vatican treaties were signed, opinions regarding the effects have ranged from unrestrained optimism to a feeling very near despair. In the following paper it is contended that the facts do not justify either of these two attitudes. There is no doubting that the Papacy and Fascismo have found themselves in opposition on fundamental matters. Sometimes there has been open conflict. On the other hand, not a few incidents have testified to a growing rapprochement between the Vatican and Italy. This article was written on the spot by a man in whose judgment the editors have confidence.—The Editors.

BY THE visit of King Victor Emmanuel III to the Pope on December 5, the last act of the conciliation has been effected. It seems now as if the history of Italy had fallen again in line with its religious tradition, and Pius XI had resumed the work for the country interrupted under Pius IX, thus soldering the edges of the past and of the future; and in the same time it seems as if Victor Emmanuel III had tied again the link broken by his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel II. It was eleven days before his troops seized Rome that Victor Emmanuel sent his last letter to Pius IX, by Count Ponza di San Martino, addressing him "with the affection of a son, the faith of a Catholic, the loyalty of a king, the soul of an Italian." Because of the European disorders—the outbreak of the Franco-German War—he wrote, he was

> to take the responsibility, in the face of Europe and Catholicity, of keeping order in the Peninsula and granting the security of the Holy See.

Therefore he wanted to occupy Rome, "as a precaution," to secure "the inviolability of the Supreme Pontiff, his spiritual authority as well as the independence of the Holy See." He concluded this dutiful manifesto with the declaration that the Head of the Catholic Church,

> surrounded by the devotion of the Italian people will keep, by the shore of the Tiber, a glorious See, independent from every human sovereignty. [September 9, 1870.]

Now the visit to the Vatican made by the royal family from the palace of the Quirinal, which had belonged to the Popes, seals both the recognition of the Italian kingdom with the end of the "great reserve" represented by the protest and imprisonment of the Pontiff, and the character of absolute independence of the papal state as necessary for the exercise of the authority divinely entrusted to the Pontiff. The rumor that Mussolini would also pay a visit to Pius XI has been officially denied. Yet he has shown the ambition to continue the politics of Cavour, who, up to the eve of his death, aimed at "a peace between the Church and the state, the Papacy and the Italians," as he wrote to Father Passaglia on February 21, 1861.

All that was remembered during the royal visit, when Italian flags crossed on the Berninian colonnade and Italian troops presented arms to the Palatine guards in the famous Piazza of Saint Peter's.

But do the facts justify such a feeling? In other words, granted that an independent papal state works, does the concordat closely connected with it work as well? On this point many doubts have arisen on both sides. The head of the Fascist press, Lando Ferretti, recalling on November 30 that rainy morning of February 11, when the Duce went to the Lateran palace to sign the conventions with Cardinal Gasparri, wrote that then everything seemed bright; while now many clouds lower upon the Tiber. A like comparison was made by the Holy Father, both in his letter of May 30 and in his speech of December 1 stating the difference between the great joy of February and the sadness of today. And this is a widespread feeling, although the greatest majority of Italians, together with the Catholic hierarchy and the civil power, still trust in "the good-will and loyal coöperation upon which," as the Sovereign Pontiff has so very truly declared, "we had to rely and we are still relying."

What had happened between February and November? The government had explained its real views and aims about the nature of the relations between the ecclesiastical and the political powers. The concordat's object was to settle them so as to avoid the undue ingerence of either upon the other's field. But what was the extent of that field? As soon as the conventions were known, certain panegyrists proceeded to announce that a new Constantinian or Carolingian era was to dawn. From the opposite side, where former Masons and atheist philosophers range themselves more or less wrapped in a Fascist toga, the fear was expressed that the Church would come to control the state and Italy be Vaticanized. Others, exaggerating the number and the importance of the apostate priests in public schools and offices, began to cry that many families would be ruined by their dismissal; or, misunderstanding the concordat, feared that many teachers would be dismissed through incurring an ecclesiastical censure. Nothing of the sort has happened, though the enemies of the Church aroused a bitter discussion on these points. No such censure is ever to be inflicted; no apostate priest has lost his position. Nor has any inconvenience, practically, occurred regarding to the two most discussed items of the concordat: matrimony and education.

Since Italy is a Catholic country and the first article of her constitution proclaims Catholicism as the relig-

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ion of the state, religious matrimony has been given back the legal value it had before the promulgation of the new code of January 1, 1866. Besides that, in the new regions annexed after the world war, religious matrimony had civil effect until 1924. Now, since 95 percent of the citizens, even before the concordat, used to celebrate two rites for marriage, religious and civil, today the matter is practically simplified. In this way, article 34 aims at strengthening the family, but it does not implicate the suppression of the civil ceremony for those who prefer it. The religious rite applies to Catholics and does not affect the liberty of conscience of other people. Also, the ministers of non-Catholic religions are now permitted to celebrate the marriages of their followers according to their own rites, with civil effect.

As to education, the former Minister of Instruction, Giovanni Gentile, introduced religious teaching into the elementary schools in 1923. By article 36 of the concordat, this teaching is to be developed in the secondary schools (high schools and colleges) under the control of ecclesiastical authorities, by priests or laymen. But this religious training—which is still to be realized—is compulsory only for students whose parents wish it; others are free to have their children excused from the instruction. Thus no Jew nor Protestant shall be given Catholic instruction.

Nor is the liberty of religious discussion limited; only the liberty of insulting the Catholic religion—or the Hebrew or the Methodist—is to be suppressed. Protestants—who are very few, and chiefly foreigners in Italy—now enjoy a greater freedom than before. Some of them, with the support of certain well-known anti-clerical writers, presume to be put, as a religious body, on a ground of perfect equality with the Catholic religion. The Church cannot, of course, accept this view if Catholicism is really to be the religion of the Italian state.

"Liberty of thought in danger!" This cry arose from some philosophical quarters. First Credaro, a former Minister of Instruction, put forth the question: "What shall we teach now to our students: religion *or* philosophy?" The Catholic reply was: "Religion *and* philosophy." Then, at the philosophical congress held in Rome in May, the followers of the idealistic Gentile's views spoke of the grave peril for the intelligence in religious training. The reason is clear. In Gentile's system, religion means myth, that is, the infancy of spiritual activity. As Minister he had introduced the catechism into the elementary schools, but with the view that the religious instruction of the children should be resolved, overcome, dominated by the idealistic speculation of the secondary schools. For him, religion was to be used as a mere stimulus of interest for speculative activity. Of course Catholics do not lend themselves to such abuse of their faith. They want religion taught for what it is. The debate, beginning on philosophical ground, reached the political field; and, given the special nature of the Italian state today, the Church and the government soon began to clash on this subject.

Mussolini opened fire by his addresses to the Parliament on May 13 and 25. His words, stressing the power of the state with regard to the Church, sounded a surprise for those who had fancied that Catholicism and Fascism were to become one and same thing. As to the negotiations leading to the Lateran conventions, he aimed to demonstrate that nothing had been given up by the state and everything by the Church; thus his speeches were interpreted by the Holy Father. And the Holy Father replied in a very strong way, so that a period of trouble and disappointment followed and many fears and dreams were shattered. The change of the ratifications on June 6, when Mussolini went to Vatican, and the visit, on June 24, of the first Italian ambassador to the Holy See, Count De Vecchi, who assured the Pope that the government aimed to apply "with a Christian spirit and steady will the Lateran agreement," did not restore calm, because a campaign of the press against Catholic organizations embittered the feeling of Catholics.

Against his wish, Mussolini's speeches were published in a volume and widely distributed; the Pope's rejoinder was also published, in consequence, and given wide circulation. For some weeks, people felt as if the conciliation had become a war. However, nobody desired war, and from both sides the assurance was repeated: "The peace shall last!"

Meanwhile, Senator Salata brought out from the imperial archives of Vienna, without any critical or historical frame, some documents of Leo XIII to show that that Pope had been an enemy to the new united Italy. This of course aroused a sentiment of hostility and disquiet when confidence and forgetfulness were necessary if the conciliation were really to "pacificate the national conscience," as the King had said in Parliament on April 20.

In his letter to Cardinal Gasparri (May 30) the Holy Father had emphasized Mussolini's "heretical and worse than heretical expressions touching the essence itself of the Christian religion," and vindicated the Church's right to direct the organization of Catholic Action. But while the concordat grants full freedom to this organization, some Fascist papers unchained a campaign against its existence and its independence, holding that in a Fascist régime no society may be tolerated beyond the direct jurisdiction of the state. At the same time, the Catholic press was forbidden to discuss the implications of the concordat or to reply to the attacks of their opponents.

Lastly, in November the contrast was stressed by a former liberal newspaperman, Mario Missiroli, in his book, Date a Cesare (Give to Caesar) which was introduced with an approving article by Lando Ferretti, designed to make it appear an official issue. The title itself reveals what it aims at. The author fights, with courteous phrases, all the papal views on education and organization, and humiliates Catholic doctrine

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and culture, chiefly the culture of the Italian clergy. Thus he gives a kind of reply to the Pope's address to a Catholic school on May 15, in which the Holy Father had pointed out again that education belongs, in the first place, to the Church and to the family, by a divine and natural right: that the state cannot and must not be uninterested in education, but that it should not "absorb, swallow up, annihilate the individual and the family, because the family comes before society and the state itself." On other occasions also the Pope had vindicated his right to control Catholic Action. Missiroli deals with these claims only to reject them and to conclude that the state must be the only educator, and the supreme ruler also in the fields which the Church claims for herself.

The book likewise included a secret document relating to the first negotiations for the concordat. Against this the Holy See diplomatically protested, and obtained satisfaction. Next the Osservatore Romano, which is the only paper of the Vatican City, replied to Missiroli by publishing a series of articles, all of which were under the correlative title: Date a Dio (Give to God).

So the experience of these first months has been sharp and hard, and many people are doubting whether the conciliation has been a wise act. I think that this weak pessimism is no more justified than the lyric optimism of the past winter. We belong to a Militant Church. Probably many of the recent discussions were inevitable, given the greatness and the complexity of the event and the existence of a still strong anticlerical current from the old generations; while the policy of the Duce disenchanted some of the more ingenuous Catholics. The King's visit and the hearty welcome accorded him give basis to the hope for a more realistic recognition of the imprescriptible rights of the Church. The day following the visit, many papers praised both the Papacy and the royal family; and the bitterest opponent organ, L'Impero, for lack of readers, discontinued publication.

THE COMMONER

By JOHN A. RYAN

THE new biography of William Jennings Bryan —The Peerless Leader—by the late Paxton Hibben and C. Hartley Grattan (Farrar and Rinehart: $5.00) is a notable book. Almost one-fourth of its 446 pages is occupied with Bryan's antecedents and youthful formation. His parents and grandparents, his boyhood home and associates, his training, tutelage and formal education, the society and the institutions that conditioned his development—are all minutely described in the first ninety-six pages and frequently recalled in subsequent pages. The reader is impelled to the conclusion that Bryan the man was never able to overcome the constricting influences of his boyhood environment. He was reared according to a strict moral code; under the constant and dominating guidance of positive-minded women; habituated to rely upon moral emotions rather than rational analysis for the solution of all problems; surrounded by men who counted success—socially and morally approved success—the highest secular aim, and possessed of a deep and simple faith in God and His Providence.

But his religion and his morality were essentially the religion and morality of Puritanism. They were badly balanced, now excessive, now defective, seeing sin where sin there was none and at the same time "neglecting the weightier things of the law." His religious and moral convictions were derived from selected portions of the Bible, privately interpreted; they were not based upon a comprehensive knowledge of Christian teaching nor upon moral fundamentals. In his view, all political questions were also moral questions, a vicious half-truth which misled him more than once. At the St. Louis Convention he proclaimed that he had "kept the faith," no doubt fully persuaded that he was emulating the Apostle of the Gentiles, although the specific object of his "faith" was not a moral principle but a political measure that had already become antiquated. In his later years he persuaded himself that prohibition was inexorably demanded by the principles of righteousness. Although a prophet of majority rule, he opposed a popular referendum on the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment in Maryland from fear that the vote of wet Baltimore would outweigh the purer suffrages of the rural areas. To him prohibition appeared, not as an issue between two great groups of persons possessing equal rights, but as a crusade of all the righteous against a diabolical institution which he called the "liquor power."

Captain Hibben's well-documented pages show that Bryan was never a student nor a thinker. Even in college he was not compelled, perhaps not encouraged, to train himself in these laborious processes. In that part of American society where he was reared,

> Sentimentality took the place of knowledge and evangelism was the motive force of action. . . . In Salem, Marion County, Illinois, it was the custom to equip a young man with a set of formulas drawn from the Book of Proverbs and MacGuffey's Readers and turn him loose in the world to do or die. . . . Essentially characteristic of America, this confidence that a mere sonorous recital of axioms is the equivalent of thought, was what William Jennings took with him from Illinois College as the furniture of an adult mind.

In later years his consciousness of and reliance upon his immense oratorical powers, together with his activity in politics and on Chautauqua platforms, made him

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neglect anything like systematic study of even the problems which he discussed, to say nothing of the elements of general culture. Possessing a superficial quickness of perception, an exceptional facility of expression and an unequaled power of arousing the emotions, including his own, he never saw the necessity of a more fundamental equipment.

One who had been a faithful follower, Senator R. F. Pettigrew, wrote thus after a week spent in Bryan's home:

> I found that he was fairly well versed in the law . . . but that he was utterly ignorant of everything else except the Bible and the evils of intemperance; that his library contained almost no works whatever of value to a man fitting himself to be President of the United States, or even a member of a state legislature. I also found that, while his personality was charming, whatever ability nature may have endowed him with had been badly dwarfed and crippled by a narrow education, and that he was not big enough to overcome his training by continuing his investigation of men and affairs after he entered public life.

Professor E. A. Ross found that his book-shelves

> abounded in crank books, presented by the authors themselves, while the great contemporary authorities on economics were conspicuous by their absence.

His disinclination to hard intellectual labor and his facile reliance upon moral intuitions and emotions were responsible for most of Bryan's major mistakes. He advocated armed intervention in Cuba only two days before the American minister at Madrid had secured from the Spanish government full compliance with the demands of the United States. As he was unaware of this fact, he does not share the everlasting infamy which should attach to the name of William McKinley for recommending to Congress a declaration of war against Spain after General Woodford's peaceful message had come into his hands. Actually, Bryan was all his life sincerely devoted to the cause of peace. Had his critical faculty been adequately trained it would have prevented him from being swept off his feet by a jingo press following the destruction of the battleship Maine.

Enormously more harmful were his efforts on behalf of the treaty which gave Porto Rico and the Philippines to the United States. Had he not "cajoled and dragooned seventeen Democrats and Populists in the Senate into approving the Spanish treaty," our profitless career of colonialism and imperialism would probably never have been begun. Paxton Hibben intimates that Bryan advocated the acquisition of this territory because he needed imperialism as an issue in the presidential campaign of 1900. At any rate he sadly "misjudged his fellow-citizens," for they neither compelled McKinley to set the Filipinos free from American rule nor did they hand the responsibility over to William Jennings Bryan.

One more instance. In the evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee, his intellectual limitations and his excess baggage of emotionalism and pietism were a source of discredit to the cause which he sincerely desired to promote. Had he been a student and a thinker he would not have permitted Clarence Darrow to exploit an assumed conflict between the Bible and science. He would have put this aside as irrelevant, and compelled Darrow to address himself to the question whether the state of Tennessee had the right to prohibit anti-religious teaching in the public schools. This was the constitutional issue and the only issue upon which the case of the defense was based. A textbook or a teacher that "denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible and teaches instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals," is undoubtedly sectarian and as violative of the religious neutrality which is required by law in the public schools as would be the teaching of Methodism or Catholicism. Although Bryan had perceived this before the court action began, he failed to govern his course accordingly. The evangelistic urge impelled him to "defend the Christian faith against agnostics," and to submit himself to a damaging cross-examination at the hands of Clarence Darrow.

As Justice Chambliss observed in a supplementary opinion to the decision of the Tennessee supreme court holding the law constitutional, the statute did not prohibit every kind of evolutionary teaching. It did not forbid a teacher to expound to or even to urge upon his pupils the theory that the body of the first man was evolved from "a lower order of animals," but that his soul was specially created when God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." Several Catholic scientists have so interpreted the "story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible." Had Bryan been equipped with the requisite knowledge and the requisite mental habits, he could have vindicated not only the constitutional right of the state of Tennessee to prohibit anti-religious sectarianism in the public schools, but the character of the law as neither anti-scientific nor unduly restrictive of academic freedom. He could have put upon the defense the burden of proving that science denies the existence of a spiritual and immortal soul, or asserts that the entity which man calls his soul differs in no essential from the animating principle of the monkey, the snake or the pig, or requires these monstrous doctrines to be presented to public school pupils as equally true with the axioms of geometry. Such an argument, driven home with all of Bryan's oratorical power, would have been devastating. But he was intellectually inadequate. His emotional faith sufficed for his personal needs, but not for the equipment of a public apologist.

Two charges which are occasionally made against Bryan's character receive little or no support in Captain Hibben's volume. He was not anti-Catholic nor did he ever barter his principles for money. In one of the debates at Whipple Academy he upheld the affirmative of the proposition, "Catholicism is more

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dangerous to the United States than Communism." Whether this side of the question was assigned to him through some rule of the Sigma Pi Society or whether it was his own preference, we are not informed. In the latter hypothesis his choice is sufficiently explained by the anti-Catholic tradition which then dominated, as it still dominates, many of our rural communities and educational institutions. At any rate, Bryan never afterward indicated adherence to the view which he defended in that debate. In his first campaign for Congress he repudiated the A.P.A., although membership in that organization "would have meant votes for Bryan in Nebraska." In 1928 membership in the Catholic Church meant votes against a presidential candidate in the same state. On the eve of his entrance into President Wilson's Cabinet, Bryan emphasized to Colonel House "the wisdom of including a Catholic and perhaps a Jew in the official family." He also advocated the nomination of John Burke for the Vice-Presidency at the Baltimore convention.

In his later years Bryan's money-making activities gave unholy joy to his enemies and scandal to his more judicious friends, but they are not fairly liable to any more definite ethical criticism than that which is indicated by the canons of good taste; for example, Chautauqua lecturing while in the Cabinet although he did not really need the money. Toward the end of his last term in Congress, when "practically penniless," he became the editor-in-chief of the Omaha World Herald at the incredible salary of $30 a week, after having refused an offer of $10,000 a year "to be general counsel for a railroad associated with the Standard Oil Company."

Despite the handicaps of his environment and education and the limitations of his mental habits, Bryan was substantially right in almost all the political causes which he espoused in the years when he was an active candidate for office. This statement is true even of his position on the free coinage of silver up to the campaign of 1900. In an era of falling prices the country needed more of the circulating medium. A continuation of the traditional policy of bimetalism would have met that need without substantial injury to any class in the community. While Bryan's knowledge of the money question was never profound, and while some of his arguments for free silver were naive and shallow, both his knowledge and his arguments will compare favorably with those of his most articulate opponents in the campaign of 1896. At any rate he never touched the abysmal depths of irresponsible ignorance and malice sounded by John Hay in his letters written at that time to Henry Adams.

In the contest over free silver, Bryan's conduct was the essence of rectitude in comparison with that of the principal figures in the opposite camp. Cleveland entered into a conspiracy with the banking interests to put the country on a gold basis, although he had been elected on a platform which pledged him to "attend to the tariff and let the money of the country severely alone." His Secretary of the Treasury consented to the issuance of a circular by the most to the more powerful banks, directing them to take certain steps which would inevitably lead straight to a financial panic. Those of us who were old enough to be interested in such questions in 1893 have a vivid remembrance of the promptness with which the panic arrived and the enormous and widespread misery it produced. Though McKinley had been "a far more forthright prophet of free silver than Bryan," he completely abjured the doctrine as the price of his nomination for the Presidency. The name of Mark Hanna is identified with the most brazenly materialistic, not to say venal, period of American politics that existed since the days of President Grant.

Most of the other politico-economic measures advocated by Bryan soon became so respectable that they were taken up by Roosevelt and thus found their way into the constitution or the statute books. They were, chiefly, income and inheritance taxes, publicity of campaign contributions, direct election of senators, rate fixing by the Interstate Commerce Commission and control of monopolies. "Roosevelt was taking the road along which Bryan had, for twelve years, been trying to guide the Democratic party."

Wrong as he was in his attitude toward intervention in Cuba and the Spanish-American war, Bryan never subscribed to any such program of conquest as Roosevelt had been planning for six months before war was declared. As Secretary of State, he committed or condoned grave blunders in relation to Mexico and Nicaragua, but he steadfastly maintained that American rights should be upheld against England as well as Germany, and resigned his office in something near to disgrace rather than participate in an unneutral policy against which he found his protests unavailing. Although he had for many years opposed national prohibition of the liquor traffic, he espoused it finally and inevitably because of his Puritan temper and training. The liquor question is complex, baffling and discouraging to anyone who tries to grasp its essential facts and relations. But it presents a relatively simple aspect to him who is content to solve it in the light only of moral intuitions and emotions.

In his political methods and expedients Bryan was not more disingenuous than many of our political figures who have enjoyed a larger measure of respectability. Perhaps the most damaging record that he made in this respect was in connection with the row over the Ku Klux Klan in the Democratic National Convention. In 1912 he violated the instructions by which the Nebraska delegation was bound to support Champ Clark because the latter was receiving the votes of the New York delegation. In 1924 he found it possible to support McAdoo despite the fact that the latter was receiving the votes of the Ku Klux Klan. Political power wielded by alleged friends of reactionary political policies appeared to him as a greater menace to human welfare than political power wielded

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by men who would deny their fellow-citizens the most fundamental civic rights, and who had kindled the fires of religious hatred on ten thousand hillsides. Not only did Bryan condone the support which the Klan gave to McAdoo, with all its ugly implications, but he opposed the resolution which would have brought down upon that detestable organization a well-deserved and most effective measure of public discredit and opprobrium. His speech on this occasion was probably the shallowest and most tortuous that he ever delivered. Possibly the fact that the Klan delegates in the 1924 convention paid lip-service to prohibition, while the New York delegation to the 1912 convention included several men who had invariably opposed his political ambitions, explains the mutually contradictory courses which he followed in New York City and Baltimore.

Whether or not Bryan was the greatest orator that America has produced, he was certainly the most effective and influential. Great as were his achievements, the balance of good over evil in his record would have been greater had he died before the Baltimore convention. In his beliefs and aims he was sincere, and as unselfish as the majority of public men. If he sometimes made compromises which seemed inconsistent with sincerity and fine moral principle, the explanation will be found in his Puritanism, his emotionalism, his inability to subject complex moral situations to rational analysis. Indeed, most of his offenses, his blunders and his limitations were due to this vital defect in his formation—he had never learned the importance of intellectual processes in contradistinction to moral intuitions and emotional reactions.

Only the first twenty-one chapters of The Peerless Leader were written by Paxton Hibben. After his death nine chapters were added by C. Hartley Grattan. The latter seems to have deliberately attempted, and with considerable success, to reproduce Captain Hibben's style. All the chapters of the book make easy reading and in none of them does any important source of information seem to have been overlooked. Not all readers will accept all the interpretations offered by either author, but few will be disposed to doubt that both authors have assiduously sought and noted all the important facts that go to make up the life and deeds of William Jennings Bryan.

ON THE WESTERN COAST

By L. A. G. STRONG

FORTY miles from anything that can be called a town, on a strip of wild and beautiful coast facing the Hebrides, I sit, one of three left over from a family house-party, sunning myself by the fuchsia-covered front door, and considering these last days of our holiday.

We have few problems. Means of subsistence give us no difficulty. We have a long line, with 200 hooks, and Old Michael, who is attached to the house as general retainer, will help us dig the necessary bait and set it to advantage. If we put it down three times in the eight days, we shall get ample for ourselves and for most of our neighbors. For the rest, there is a farm near by; the kitchen garden has not been quite denuded; and there are some odd tins of fruit left over in the cupboards. For the moment, there is nothing to trouble about; yet it is as well to think what must be done, while there is still time. Our neighbors, for instance—one must not leave all the farewell visits till the last day, and then perhaps miss somebody who is not at home.

They are sad, these visits, but our hearts are much lighter than they were a year ago. Then there seemed a poor chance of our ever returning here. The house, a long low affair of grey stone, in grounds just over a mile long by half a mile wide, which we had all rented each year for the holiday months, came into the market with the whole deer forest of which it forms a tiny part. For a dark time it looked as if we had seen our last of it—my wife's people had known it for fifty years. Then, the deer forest failing to find a purchaser, some of the ground was split up into parcels, and the family desperately clubbed together and bought Camus an Daraich. Now, therefore, any of us, whenever we get a time off, can spend it in the loveliest part of the western highlands.

The house faces west. All along the south, and curving round to the east, is a sheltering bank high enough to keep off the wind, but not to shut out the sun. North lies a field of scanty pasture, a ridge of white sand hills and the Sound of Sleat: five miles of sea, ever changing its color, flowing like a river between the mainland and the coast of Skye. Where else in the world is there such a coast? Sand, cliffs and dark woods: a pattern of fields rising like a counterpane to humps of moorland: and above all, far inland, dreaming, of a different texture, a different world, the wild fantastic line of the Coolins, broken, irrelevant, jagged as the teeth of a saw. Westward lies Eigg, sloping up gracefully to the Sguir on its southern point; and, behind it, some twelve miles away, the towering peaks of Rhum. In this clear air we can often see the two islands of Uist, more than sixty miles away. All this from the western windows. A hundred yards down the drive, round the end of the pine wood, a fresh prospect is opened: Prince Charlie's country, bays and points and a huddle of islands, stretching as far as distant and dim Ardnamurchan: all now blissfully secured to us.

The change has also brought us closer to our neigh-

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bors, several of whom become our tenants and—strange to think it—our servants. Even if we were that way minded, the word means nothing applied to such people as these. Ethnologically, the people of the mainland are Celts, courteous, easy, dignified and indolent, with a sprinkling of Lowlanders from Glasgow to run the railway and direct local enterprise. Macdonald is the prevailing clan: there is a regular hamlet of them two miles off and, close at hand, a cottage shared by two independent and unrelated Mary Macdonalds. All speak Gaelic, most of them English as well: they will change from one to the other with disconcerting suddenness, and a visitor often has the impression of being in a foreign land. It was strange, only this morning, to hear two men talking as they endeavored to start an ancient and balky Ford van, and hearing in the midst of a torrent of fluent Gaelic the word "ignition."

For religion, the people are mostly Catholics, but there is a strong Presbyterian faction. A third group, numbering seven souls only, has a place of worship in the nearest village, and endowments to maintain a minister. All live at amity together, and we hear of no theological differences unless, perhaps, an occasional argument upon a Sunday: for the Protestants are fanatical Sabbatarians, and have been known even to let a boat drift from her moorings, to be rescued ultimately for them by an indulgent neighbor.

Peaceful and law-abiding the people are; yet wild things have happened. Over there on Eigg the McLeods, pretending friendship, lured their hereditary foes the Macdonalds into a cave, and burned them alive with their wives and children. Here in these very grounds the Macdonalds ambushed the McLeods, in a little passage between two clumps. Scores of dead McLeods lie beneath it, and no one hereabouts will pass that way after dark. A little boy staying at the house two years ago ran in white and terrified. He had gone along there in the dusk, and seen men in kilts fighting and snarling without a sound. Prince Charlie twice crossed this land, resting a bare two miles away, above Loch Morar: and from the loch island nearest the sea old Lord Lovat was dragged, stiff with rheumatism after a day and a night's hiding, to lose his head in London. Old Michael, our fisherman, when he was eleven years old, parleyed with the excisemen in the hill and turned them at last away from the very mouth of the cave where his grandfather crouched over a still. Indeed, most of his boyhood was spent rowing the stuff around by night, in every sort of weather, to their customers, "and two of them was justices of the peace, och, aye, sir."

This work gave him the mighty muscles he keeps at sixty-eight, but it gave him also the taste that is apt to swallow most of his shillings. In the summer he is kept busy at the house, where he gets all his meals and a good wage besides; and the remains of a fierce pride prevent him from failing a single day. But in the winter, when all he can hope for is a casual job here and there, whisky takes what little he has, and despite the neighbors' kindness he does not get enough to eat. It is essential that he should have good food, for drink has spoiled the coats of his stomach, and his digestion is weak. Up till now we could do little, because of that pride of his, but now he will acknowledge our right as owners, and we can see to his concerns. A boat, so that he could fish for his own profit? A regular wage? A monthly parcel of stores, sent up from the south? My young brother-in-law, his intimate and familiar, consulted him, but the ground was very delicate. The idea of being responsible for a boat frightened the old man. He foresaw regular work and demands for an accounting. Then an idea came to us: we went and called on the priest. Father McCanlis made us very welcome, sympathized with our project and has managed the whole thing. Under strict pledge of secrecy, a local farmer will supply Michael with milk and butter: the village van will leave weekly supplies at his door, as it would if he himself had ordered them: a boat will be at hand early next year, and Father McCanlis will see that anything Michael catches is properly marketed. It is a great load off our minds. Personally, I hate nothing more than interference with the private affairs of a poor man. When visitors have tried to pay Michael in kind "in his own best interests," I have been filled with rage. What he does with his money is no concern of ours; but we can now be sure that he has his necessaries, without attempting to influence or to control him in the least.

Donald, gardener and caretaker, is a very different kind. Huge, sandy, good-natured, bosom friend of all children: ready to leave any job for a gossip: gentle with animals and trusted by them instantly, though too easy-going to train them well: Presbyterian by birth and marriage, for his wife, a devout body, drives the patient sighing man to many a meeting which would otherwise lack him: Donald has worked here all his life, and cannot imagine, or be imagined, anywhere else. He lives in a stone cottage (Achatailsaig is its name, not pronounced in the least like that) on a tiny bay with the whitest of soft sand, between two rocky clumps of trees. He has many accomplishments, prime among which is to imitate, with perturbing realism, the bleat of a ram. On the smallest provocation he goes off into convulsions of laughter, slapping his leg and exclaiming, "My, my, my, my," in the indescribable soft accent of the west. He tries to teach us the Gaelic name of every hill and stream, laughing till he cries at our efforts to pronounce them after him.

I am only a stranger here really, having married into it all; but the people have been goodness itself to an Irish guest. There is much in common between the two races, but I was surprised to find how much. Having to sing one day at a gathering of the people, I sang two Irish folk-songs, which superficially were quite unlike the stark melodies of the place: but every point was taken up instantly, and no one had difficulty in understanding the different idiom. Indeed the rise

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and fall of the speaking voice here has often made me think I am in the Wicklow hills.

Education is precious in these parts. The farmer near us, a retired sea captain, has crossed the Atlantic seventeen times, and is a most well-read and cultured man. His little daughter has won a bursary to the school forty miles away, and will in due time reach the university. The washerwoman stopped my father-in-law the other day in the road. "Could you tell me, sir —we were having an argument about it last evening. Is the word 'jewel' derived from 'Jew'?" Her mother, old Mistress McLean, past eighty years old, has in her face and voice the real aristocracy of the spirit. When we were engaged, she was the first person here whom my wife told. I shall never forget her greeting as she took my hand between her two withered hands, her smile, the dreamy beautiful cadence of her voice. "Oh, my dears, my dears," she said, "my two poor things: it's sad, it's very sad." Unconventional, perhaps: but she has seen so much. My father-in-law is devoted to her. He sits in her cottage by the hour, telling her legends, tales from the classics, and listening to all she can tell about the history of clan and country. Yesterday he had to return south, and we took her a farewell gift from him. She stood in the wind at her cottage door, shading her eyes with her hand. "So they're away," she repeated. "So they're away. Ah: the winter is lonely without them."

This resignation, common to the race, manifests itself among the younger generation as an amiable reluctance to initiate anything which may be a trouble. They live easily, and are very casual. Visitors are often complaining of the way in which bulls are allowed to wander on the highroad, and their protest is always met with a smile. "Oh, he is a quiet bull, he would hurt no one." Even if he is not so quiet, it is hard to rouse them. Not long ago there was a bull about which regularly made people run for their lives. At a meeting of the parish council, one man urged that it be shut up. His motion was out-voted by ten to two. "Mark my words," said the mover, "Ye will no heed that bull till he has killed a man"—a prophecy soon fulfilled, for the bull killed him less than a week afterward. But the lesson was forgotten, and each bull is let roam until it turns savage and attacks someone.

Seals come often to the mainland, and the people, who are very fond of them, show a strange understanding of their minds. Hebridean music has many seal tunes, which one should whistle or croon to a seal if one wishes to make friends with him. My father-in-law was especially delighted to meet a big dog-seal the evening before he left.

And in another week the rest of us must go. Autumn has come down from the mountains, and the place smells wild. As long as the road remains so bad—there is only one—we shall not be overrun with visitors here: yet even if we were, the Highlands could shake them off, as the black bull in the field above shakes off his flies, and return in autumn to its savage dignity.

THE PRINCE DE BROGLIE

By ALPHONSE BERGET

(News that the Nobel Prize for physics has been awarded to Prince Louis-Victor de Broglie, a young French scientist whose researches in the nature of light have attracted universal attention, is of great interest. In several respects the award is a definitive recognition of what a number of French investigators have unearthed regarding one of the most baffling among all the problems of physics. More specifically regarded, it is fresh proof that fidelity to religious beliefs is not incompatible with the keenest determination to study the laws of nature. The Prince de Broglie, who is a lucid and agreeable writer, set forth the essence of his doctrine in articles published by Le Correspondant, the oldest French Catholic review. We have, therefore, believed it appropriate to print the following brief commentary on that doctrine, by a well-informed French writer on scientific topics.—The Editors.)

DURING 1924 the faculty of science of the Sorbonne listened to a young physicist, the Prince Louis-Victor de Broglie, defend his doctoral thesis with logic and remarkable brilliance. The Prince was then thirty-two years old. His thesis created a sensation among scientists not only in France but throughout the world as well. A dense fog that had beclouded the horizon of science (and particularly the science of light) in a disquieting manner was here lifted by a sudden flash of genius which had profited and developed by hard work.

The question of the nature of light has always been a fascinating puzzle to the human spirit, and the philosophers of all ages have devoted lengthy dissertations to it. But since most of them based their arguments on words rather than on facts, their dialectic proved futile and infertile. It needed the genius of Isaac Newton to advance the first explanation that seemed adequate. The great discoverer of the law of gravitation thought that light was composed of unbelievably small particles, emitted by bodies and propelled by them, at incredible speed, in all directions. When these particles strike the human eye, Newton declared, they produce the common sensation of luminosity.

Throughout the whole of the nineteenth century this theory was held as an article of faith until the time when Young, the English physicist, proved through a famous experiment with "interferences" that under certain conditions the addition of light to light can produce obscurity. This discovery exploded a bomb under the theory of emissions. Then Fresnel appeared on the scene. Comparing the production and propagation of light to the production and propagation of sound, he described the luminous body as "vibrating" in the manner of the sonorous body. Only the light vibrations are infinitely more rapid, and the medium which transmits them—a medium which is hypothetical, imponderable and yet perfectly elastic—is termed the "ether." Thus there was born the theory of undulations. Developed with the mathematical

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care required in such cases, it proved fecund and remained sovereign in the science of light until the nineteenth century came to a close.

During 1896, however, a disturbing discovery was made by Henri Becquerel, a justly renowned French scientist who was perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences. This introduced a new uncertainty into the realm of radiation. Becquerel had investigated radioactivity, the brilliant corollary of which Curie found two years later. By studying the phenomena furnished by radioactive bodies, it was learned that these actually do emit material particles, the "trains" of which science has even been able to photograph. How could this be explained? Was the theory of undulations to succumb in its turn to a counter-attack by the theory of emissions, resurrected from a long sleep?

The Prince de Broglie supplied the key to the problem and reconciled things which had previously seemed incompatible. It must suffice here to enumerate the essential principles of his discovery. Experiments bearing upon the constitution of light show that this is comprised of waves, but that these waves are emitted in successive groups and in a discontinuous manner. On the other hand it is known that incandescent bodies, such as the filaments of our electric lights, irradiate, lance into all directions, myriads of tiny electrified granules—the electrons—which are, so to speak, the infinitesmally small planets in those reductions of the solar system which we term the atoms.

Recent experiments with the structure of light reveal that this light is, as Newton thought, granular in structure. But an electron is nothing else than a "system of waves" in "movement." Therefore the undulations which successively follow one another in groups are found to be, in reality, tiny material particles. When an electron, centre of a series of waves, is affixed to an atom and is as a consequence no longer "free," it describes around that atom a microscopic orbit. The wave which it carries therefore congeals and becomes a "stationary wave." And so we understand why, under these conditions, an atom in a state of repose does not emit light.

This—a meagre skeleton outline—may serve to indicate the theory of Prince Louis-Victor de Broglie, which reconciles with remarkable skill the theory of undulations (abidingly correct) with the theory of emissions (never incorrect). This reconciliation has now become famous the world over. Its importance has won the Nobel Prize for its author, who receives this award at an age when other scientists, even though they be men of established reputations, do not dream of hoping that it will come to them in the future.

The Prince de Broglie may likewise lay claim to other titles of distinction. His older brother, the Duc de Broglie, is a member of the Academy of Sciences and has earned a reputation for researches in the action of the X-ray. Four members of his family were elected to the Académie Française. The Prince himself had begun his career as a student of history, and in this field proved himself a brilliant scholar. It was only later on that he transferred his interest to the field of mathematics. Thus he is a "complete man" in every sense, after the fashion of many of our great savants. And one is grateful, in this age of unrestrainable demagogues, for the opportunity to see once again that a descendant of a noble family can achieve distinction in the scientific world—which declaiming politicians had declared closed to all who hold traditional beliefs. Once again the justice of the old motto had been demonstrated: noblesse oblige.

GROTIUS AND OTHERS

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

FOR many authors the origin of international law dates from the publication by Hugo Grotius of his celebrated treatise, De Jure Belli ac Pacis. This view is part of the Protestant tradition and is quite in harmony with recent excursions into Nordic mythology. Standard text-books like those of T. J. Lawrence and V. Sukiennicki do much to perpetuate the notion. For them Grotius is "the father of international law." Similarly the Encyclopedia Americana states that "Hugo Grotius laid the foundations of the new science of international law," while the New International declares his work is the base of the same science. Neither of these immense treasure-houses of information even hints of predecessors on whom the Dutch jurist drew lavishly for matter and method.

Something of a clew to the whole truth is found in the Encyclopaedia Britannica (latest edition) where we read: "The value of his [Grotius's] work, though not the first attempt to ascertain the principles of jurisprudence, went far more fundamentally into the discussion than anyone had done before. *The fundamental idea of the book is the law of nature.*" (Italics mine.) From this one might suspect that others had written on the subject before Grotius, but unless the reader knew enough to look under Suarez he would probably miss the following: "In his extensive work, Tractatus de Legibus ac Deo Legislatore, he is to some extent the precursor of Grotius and Samuel Pufendorf. Grotius speaks of him in terms of high respect." But you will thumb the pages of the Britannica in vain should you be interested in Francisco di Vitoria, a name second to none in the history of international law. If this is not "poisoning the wells," it is at least drying them up.

Well, perhaps the deficiency is supplied by the Catholic Encyclopedia? The writer earnestly hoped so. He was more than a little disappointed. Under Suarez he read: "Grotius recognizes (Ep. 154, J. Cordesio) in him one of the great theologians and a profound philosopher and Mackintosh considers him one of the founders of international law." But there was not a syllable to indicate what the science of international law owes to Vitoria, although the Dominican scholar is praised for giving to theology "a purer diction and an improved literary form." Not only the wells but the springs seem to have run dry.

In other words there is, as far as the writer could discover, not a single satisfactory encyclopedic account of any one of the three great names in international law, Vitoria, Suarez or Grotius. What reasonable explanation there can be for this it is hard to see because twentieth-century scholars have worked the field carefully and are practically unanimous in their conclusions. Catholic and Protestant, Spaniard and Dutch, the

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Englishman Walker and the American Scott unite in proclaiming the enormous debt which international law owes to the principles established by Vitoria and Suarez. On October 10 of last year, at the meeting of the Institute of International Law at Briarcliff Manor, jurists from all over the world heard confirmatory evidence for this view from the internationally known authority, Dr. James Brown Scott, retiring President of the Institute and Secretary of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace. At this same meeting the guests of honor were the President of Georgetown University, the Reverend W. Coleman Nevils, S.J., who paid a glowing tribute to Francisco di Vitoria, and the Reverend Edmund Walsh, S.J., famous for his services to the Church in Russia and Mexico. This represents what we may call current recognition in scholarly circles of a fact which seems to elude the makers of encyclopedias and text-books.

It has been noted that the Encyclopaedia Britannica selects as the outstanding merit of Grotius's book a careful analysis of "the law of nature." Now this precisely was the epoch-making contribution of Suarez. So eminent and impartial an authority as J. Kosters, Judge of the Supreme Court of the Netherlands and former professor on the law faculty of Groningen, is not backward in acknowledging this. In fact he "finds it hard to believe that there could be found in the Commentary of Grotius, written in 1604 and revised for the last time in 1608, the same distinction between the two kinds of law of nations that seven years later was to be revealed at Coimbra by the venerable Spanish Jesuit, Suarez, Tractatus de Deo Legislatore, and to become a decisive element in the development of the law of nations." Summing up the discussion, Dr. James Brown Scott goes on record to the effect that Suarez treated this distinction between jus naturale and jus inter gentes "in a masterly passage and with final authority." He goes on to say ". . . in 1612, Suarez expressed his views on the law of nature, municipal or civil law, the law of the state or nation and the law of nations. This treatise furnished Grotius and internationalists of our day and generation with an adequate philosophy of law. Indeed, it can be said that the immense reputation which Suarez rightly enjoys among persons interested in the theory and practice of law, international as well as municipal, is due to his analysis of these three branches of jurisprudence, which had perplexed his contemporaries and his predecessors, but which do not need to perplex us of today if we only take the trouble to thumb the pages of the treatise, De Legibus ac Deo Legislatore."

Nor should it be forgotten that Saint Thomas Aquinas specialized in natural law. Professor W. A. Dunning of Columbia University mentions (Political Theories from Luther to Montesquieu) that Sir John Fortescue, whom all common-law lawyers admire because of his De Laudibus Legum Angliae (1470) owed much to the Angelic Doctor: "The definition and classification of law is that of the Summa Theologica, and Sir John contributes obscurity rather than light when he undertakes to elucidate the thought of the master."

It is quite right, then, to conclude with Dr. J. Kosters, in his Fondements du Droit des Gens, that when Suarez laid down his pen in 1617, "We have come to the fulness of time; a hand is stretched out to gather the ripened fruit." It was the hand of a Hollander, Hugo Grotius, who published his De Jure Belli ac Pacis in 1625.

In spite of the denial of Basdevant we know that Grotius was familiar with De Legibus ac de Deo Legislatore, for the very simple reason that he has some four references to it in the notes of De Jure Belli ac Pacis. The marvel is that there are only four; for the Suarezian influence was much greater than these few references would indicate. In fact, the reluctance of Grotius to give full credit for the contributions of his great contemporaries requires further elucidations. Dr. Scott has proposed one explanation in The Spanish Origin of International Law, published by the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University, Washington.

Grotius was more generous in his appreciation of Vitoria. Citations to his works are frequent, thirteen to De Indis, forty to De Jure Belli, two to De Potestate Civili and one to De Potestate Papae et Concilii. And yet M. Robert Fruin, professor of national history in the University of Leyden, remarks that Grotius praises Vitoria "but with less gratefulness than I should have expected."

Again it should be remembered that other writers are freely used. In the De Jure Belli ac Pacis of Grotius, there are thirty-nine references to Thomas Aquinas, thirteen to Gentilis, six to Ayala and thirty to Fernando Vasquez. No wonder Dr. Coleman Phillipson, one of the most recent English writers, declares: "No writers deserve more of the world than a group of Spanish scholars who, endowed with logical acumen, legal spirit, remarkable impartiality and signal independence of opinion, analyze some of the fundamental questions of international law." Comparing Vitoria and Grotius he continues: "The general treatment and conclusions arrived at show a more progressive tone and a more modern significance than are discernible in the corresponding parts of the later writer's production." Instead of regarding Vitoria and Suarez as the mere precursors of Grotius, we must rank the "Miracle of Holland" as their follower, both in time and thought.

After centuries of neglect the doctrines which Vitoria professed from his chair at Salamanca are being recognized as founding the new school of international law which, admitting the independence and equality of states, regards them as members of an international community and subordinate to its dictates. "That system of jurisprudence which we today prefer to call international law," writes Dr. Scott, "is, with trifling additions, what it was when it left the hands of Vitoria, Suarez and their countrymen between them."

This is not to reflect on the genius of Grotius for his systematic compilation of existing doctrines, but it is to see his work in proper perspective and proportion. Call Grotius the most illustrious member of the modern school of international law if you will, but remember that by every rule of logic and history, Francisco di Vitoria was its founder. There are those, of course, who would like to leave to Vitoria the laurels of sacred science, claiming for Grotius the distinction of separating international law from theological leading-strings. The most cursory glance at De Jure Belli ac Pacis refutes this contention. Grotius is no less zealous than his contemporaries in citing Scripture, Aristotle, the Fathers and the Schoolmen. He would have been the last to desire or effect a secularization of law such as we have seen in modern times. Although a Protestant in name and fame, his sympathies were Catholic and the last researches of Pastor reveal that Grotius may have died in communion with the Church. It is futile to represent such a character as the father of legal positivism.

In summing up, it is clear that Grotius gathered the materials for his justly celebrated treatise from Vitoria, Suarez, Ayala, Covarruias and Vasquez; the arrangement is to a considerable degree that of Gentilis. It is time to rewrite the encyclopedias, histories and text-books on international law in accordance with these facts which disinterested scholars like Brown Scott and Kosters have made available for all the world.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Meteor

METEOR, by S. N. Behrman (author of The Second Man) is an excellent example of the type of play that provides a vivid impression at the moment of the performance but creates no lasting memories. The reason, in the present instance, is that the hero, intended to be a character of absorbing special interest, never attains proportions, and never moves in a background, which lift him to universal significance.

In the weakling who became the central figure of The Second Man, Mr. Behrman found a character who embodied many universal traits—particularly that trace of dual personality which afflicts nearly every sensitive or volatile nature. But Raphael Lord of Meteor, though obviously patterned after such great historical egotists as Napoleon, never ascends beyond the level of the successful stock promoter. In spite of his grandiose dreams, he remains, even at the crest of his career, a comparatively small frog in a very large pond. Thus a great deal of Mr. Behrman's fine mental analysis of the egotist seems wasted. The proportions between Lord's megalomania and his background are never balanced well enough to create the illusion of real importance.

To illustrate this point by a contrasting example: O'Neill tackles the same general problem in Emperor Jones; but in doing so, he selects a background which his hero can completely dominate—a small empire, but an empire none the less. The result is a drama which catches universal values. Mr. Behrman's Raphael Lord is also an egotist of empire, but his playground is merely a sort of backyard to the castle and estate of finance. The attainment is so incommensurate with the dream that it never seems like an attainment at all. This deprives it of all the tragic (universal) proportions which so plainly lie within Mr. Behrman's own conception.

On the other hand, the technical structure of Meteor is sufficiently good to make it arrest passing attention, and Alfred Lunt endows the character of Lord with just enough fire, intensity and neurotic interest to give him the fleeting illusion of reality. That is why the play is anything but dull while you are watching it. As an individual character study, Lord is an undue exaggeration (undue, as I have explained, because of disproportionate background) of a perfectly recognizable and always interesting type. He is the man who lives, breathes and finds his superabundant energy in a grandiose dream of himself—the man who mistakes his good intuition for an infallible instinct, his normal energy for daemonic power, and coincidence for his lucky star. Of course this belief in the idea of himself compensates for a real inner terror of facing life with only the average equipment of other men. So powerful is the dream that it actually leads him to achievements which would otherwise be impossible. But in the end it betrays him—and doubly. First, the premonition he always enjoys of coming events tortures him—the essential evil consequence of piercing beyond the veil of human limitations. Then, when he at last discovers that the premonition can be false, he is forced, in an agony, to construct another dream to take the place of the shattered one. If, hitherto, he has relied too much on his "gift"—that is, on something almost outside of himself—from now on he must believe equally in his own character and ability. He remains the tortured egotist to the last—even if it means the loss of his wife and all human friendship.

If set in the right proportions, this might easily be a fascinating study. If, for example, Lord had made himself the president and czar of a university, or of a great corporation. But in the realm of finance and promotion, the play never makes his dominance convincing. The study of character is befogged at every turn by mediocre situations. The introduction of a legendary South American republic in which he finds oil, and which his financial power is supposed to control, is a meagre off-stage substitute for a real situation at hand with which he and his ego must come to grips.

Alfred Lunt plays the part of Lord to the hilt of its possibilities—showing, as he has so often before, his uncanny understanding of the neurotic type. If ever a drama is written around Nietzsche, Lunt will play the part of that pathetic madman to an immortal pitch. Lynn Fontanne does admirably in the singularly difficult (because not obviously difficult) part of Lord's wife. Philip Moeller's direction is adroit and convincing. More's the pity that with so much good writing, good acting and good staging, the material of the play should be so commonplace and so far beneath its theme and subtly penetrating characterization. (At the Guild Theatre.)

Tempest—in the King-Coit Fashion

SINCE 1924, the winter holiday season has always been the signal for a delicious event—the annual play of the children of the King-Coit school. The school is unique, in that it does not seek to train actors. It merely tries to develop, through acting, drawing, painting and dancing a keen sense of dramatic art in children from seven to fourteen. The result, whether one be in an indulgent or in a definitely critical mood, is often quite magical.

This year Miss Coit and Miss King selected Shakespeare's Tempest as a fertile playground for childish imagination. The method of the school is to make the children responsible for practically every detail of the production. First they are told the story of the play. Then they are encouraged to give it dramatic form with improvised lines of their own. As the drama begins to take shape, the original lines are gradually substituted—or as many of them as fit into the scheme of an abbreviated version. At the same time, the children are encouraged to make drawings of costumes and scenes, giving free play to their native imagery. The best of these drawings form the basis for the final stage sets adopted. Thus when the production at last emerges from the gently guiding hands of Miss King and Miss Coit, it is, so far as is humanly possible, the work of the children themselves.

The present version of The Tempest lacks something of the quaint and stark simplicity which distinguished Aucassin and Nicolete, and is strangely reminiscent of the Reinhardt method in Midsummer Night's Dream. But I defy anyone to effect a more entrancing picture—the stylized grace of the child actors, the sweeping fancy of the turreted settings, the ethereal magic of the costumes. It is the kind of performance that bears you back to days of unfettered dreams. I wish that the program would tell us the names of the understanding small performers. Their perfect poise, clear diction and earnest enthusiasm merit individual as well as group praise. I can only say that on New Year's afternoon a lovely Miranda, a wise Prospero, an enamored Ferdinand, a crabbed Caliban, a

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boisterous Stephano and a quaint Trinculo utterly captured my heart—which was also stirred by the lovely voice and face of a little mermaid, awash in the waves!

Luisa Miller

OF RECENT years the Metropolitan Opera Company has been more successful in excavating than in building —its revivals have been more stimulating than its novelties. But the Metropolitan can scarcely be blamed for this. Its general manager, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, has done the best he could to unearth modern masterpieces, and the fact that he has failed probably simply means that modern masterpieces are not being written. This year, for the first time in many seasons, he has apparently accepted this fact, and turned only to the past. He has given us up to the present date revivals of The Girl of the Golden West, Don Giovanni, and Luisa Miller.

The first-named was scarcely worth revival, except to give Madame Jeritza a new rôle, but Don Giovanni made ample atonement, despite the enforced absence from the part of Donna Anna of Rosa Ponselle. Happily by the time Luisa Miller arrived, Miss Ponselle had recovered, and once again the greatest soprano voice of modern times thrilled a delighted audience. That Miss Ponselle is a lyric rather than a truly dramatic soprano makes no difference. Whatever lack of power there may be in her upper tones is compensated for by their exquisite purity, while the richness, warmth and evenness of her lower and middle voice have been unparalleled since the days of Emma Calvé. And above all Miss Ponselle has become a consummate artist. American-born and American-trained, she knows no equal today on the operatic stage, and once more she proved it in this forgotten opera of Giuseppe Verdi.

To the last two generations of American opera-goers, Luisa Miller has been but a name, and it probably would have remained a name save for the desire of Mr. Gatti-Casazza to find a new part for Miss Ponselle. Yet the audience at the opening performance was stirred by the old work in no uncertain manner. Luisa Miller is, of course, old fashioned, but it is none the less vital. In the orchestra especially Verdi infused a passion which still is telling, a passion in which we can hear Verdi growing out of the merely mellifluous spirit of the operatic writers of his youth into the dramatic period of his masterpieces. In the pages of Luisa Miller there is more than a hint of Traviata. That Aida, and Otello, and Falstaff were still far under the horizon is true, but in Luisa Miller, Verdi is on the road to them. On the production the Metropolitan lavished its best. Besides Miss Ponselle's in the title part, excellent performances were given by Mr. Lauri-Volpi as the hero, Mr. Ludikar as the villainous Worm, and Mr. De Luca as Luisa's father. Mr. Serafin gave his usual satisfactory performance in the conductor's stand.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Deaf

The marvel of sound was but an empty fact
Until he sat immured to any hearing;
When suddenly the universe, compact,
Was flung about his ears made keen by fearing.

Imprisoned so no utterance could reach
The silence where he only lived to listen,
Existence seemed an unrecorded screech
Without one note valid enough to christen.

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN.

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLIC PUBLICITY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The November 20 issue of The Commonweal carries an article entitled Catholic Publicity, by Michael Williams, containing statements regarding Christian Science which give a wrong impression, and I would appreciate the privilege of space in your publication to correct these statements for the sake of accuracy.

On page 78 this article speaks of the Christian Science Committee on Publication as "a propaganda organization of the Christian Science Church." This is not correct because it is the province of this Committee to correct misstatements about Christian Science and injustices done to Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of this Church, which may have appeared in print, and to give out accurate information in each case.

On this same page of the article there is a statement which indicates that the protests of individual Christian Scientists to the circulation of an unjust biography on the life of Mrs. Eddy have been both misunderstood and exaggerated. Protests of individual Christian Scientists may not properly be interpreted as a boycott or as suppression. The right of individuals to protest against an injustice is as much a right as free speech.

The nature of the criticisms in your article indicates plainly that the critics have not known what Christian Scientists do in this regard or upon what basis their protests are made. Christian Scientists assert the right to defend and protect their religion and the individuals connected with it from misrepresentation. Adherents of other religious denominations assert and exercise the same right. Surely, no fair-minded and thoughtful observer having correct information would deny or deprecate the exercise of such a right.

In a public statement on this matter, the Board of Directors of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, has said in last week's issue of the Christian Science Sentinel, "Fair and friendly observers may, however, say that protesting against an objectionable book is unwise; that the protests will be misconstrued and used to advertise the book; that they will do more harm than good by exciting curiosity and causing the book to be read. Such counsels as these present a question by themselves; they present a question not of propriety, but of wisdom. As such they deserve careful thought, and this they have had. Christian Scientists are convinced, partly by experience, that Mrs. Eddy spoke truly and wisely when she said, 'A lie left to itself is not so soon destroyed as it is with the help of truth-telling.' (The First Church of Christ, Scientist, and Miscellany, page 130.)"

ORWELL BRADLEY TOWNE,
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

(When I referred to the Christian Science Committee on Publication as "a propaganda organization of the Christian Science Church," it was no part of my intention to use the term "propaganda organization" in any invidious sense. In my other articles in the series, of which the particular article referred to by Mr. Towne formed a part, I was careful to state what I believed to be good reasons for upholding the proper use of propaganda by religious and civic organizations. In regard to whether the authorities of the Christian Science Church have or have not overstepped the boundaries of what constitutes fair and proper propaganda, a very debatable issue seems to have been created, about which I do not feel qualified to express a judgment.—Michael Williams.)

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"DRANG NACH OSTEN"

(Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's review of The Balkan Pivot, by Charles R. Beard and George Radin, which appeared in The Commonweal a few months ago, stated that European opinion generally regarded the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina as having proceeded from "the German policy of Drang nach Osten." Professor Karl Herzfeld protested this statement in the issue of November 13, 1929. Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's reply is published herewith. Accompanying it were several pages of quotation from official despatches, from which we have made the selection appearing below.—The Editors.)

Chevy Chase, Md.

TO the Editor:—It appears that the sentence and idea in my review of The Balkan Pivot to which Professor Herzfield takes exception is: "Few persons in Europe believe other than that this Austrian seizure was part and parcel of the Germany policy of Drang nach Osten." The possible emendation of this sentence might be: "Few persons *acquainted with German-Austrian policy* in Europe, etc." This might make more plain what I had in view, but to convey fully the facts on which this was based and is based would fill too many pages of The Commonweal, so I am enclosing copies of despatches dealing with the Austro-Serbian crisis and Russian Pan-Slavism, which passed between Paris and Petrograd, London and Petrograd, Belgrade and Petrograd, between November, 1908, and April, 1909. It must be understood that these are selected from many hundreds of telegraphic and written despatches which passed between the cabinets of Europe prior to and succeeding the forcible annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria.

Permit me in closing to say that the quotations from the Encyclopedia Britannica upon the economic situation of these two provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina, as well as the comments on the standard of education and impartiality of the Austrian government to all forms of religion, have but little to do with the political policy of the Austrian and German government.

The citations follow:

(Iswolsky, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs,
to Nelidoff, Russian ambassador at Paris.
Letter, October 23—November 5, 1908.)

"I am sure you will not fail to recognize the great significance of this letter. It is perfectly clear from all my conversations in Berlin that a radical change has taken place in the general European situation. . . .

"Above all I should like to know how you, with your great experience in European politics, judge of the possibilities which might result from the present crisis. *It seems to me that the danger of a Turkish-Bulgarian conflict is, thank God, obviated. There remains the danger of an Austrian-Serbian conflict, the most dangerous of all.* We are doing and we shall do all that lies in our power to prevent such a conflict, but should it break out, the possibility of a general war would become at the same moment most imminent."

(The Russian ambassador at London to Iswolsky.
Telegram, January 15—28, 1909.)

"Grey informs me that he has declared to Cambon that he wishes to inform the French government that the London Cabinet has promised the Russian government its diplomatic support in the question of the compensation of Serbia and Montenegro. Grey tells me he has taken this step in order to clear the situation of every misunderstanding; the difficulties which have arisen during the settlement of the questions pending between Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria, prove, however, that the Serbian demands must be limited as much as possible in the interests of peace."

(The Russian chargé d'affaires at London to Iswolsky.
Telegram, February 11—24, 1909.)

"It appears to me that the British government is clearly aware of the seriousness of the situation. This impression is confirmed by all information which it receives from official and from private sources. In spite of the urgent desire to help Serbia, one is clearly aware here that the efforts of the powers must be briefly directed to preserve Serbia from annihilation, but that it would be impossible to obtain, without war, from Austria other than economic concessions for Serbia. Hardinge today communicated to me his personal opinion, that the general situation would be under less tension if Russia would declare in Belgrade that Serbia must count neither upon territorial concessions nor upon full autonomy for Bosnia and Herzegovina. Since Austria precisely fears that Russia, and possibly certain other powers, might support the impossible Serbian demands, a step of this nature, undertaken by Russia at Belgrade, would do a great deal to pacify the Vienna Cabinet and thereby increase the possibility of a peaceable solution. It has been observed here that the Russian government has not yet replied to the English inquiry as to with which concessions Serbia, in Russia's opinion, ought to content herself."

(The Russian ambassador at Paris to Iswolsky.
Letter, February 18—March 3, 1909.)

"Pichon, very much upset by these reproaches, emphasized to me the loyalty and absolute frankness which he has always observed in his policy toward Russia, and he hastens to justify the action of the French representatives accused by Your Excellency. As he assures me, they have followed the instructions sent them; these instructions coincide exactly with our intentions and if Crozier, dazzled perhaps by the brilliance of Vienna society, in which he wishes to create a good position for himself, has proved a bit less energetic in form than he should possibly have been, the same cannot be said of Jules Cambon. He has not ceased to let the Berlin Cabinet thoroughly understand that France follows the policy of the Russian government in this crisis in all points, and will uphold in the most loyal manner the treaty of alliance which binds her to Russia. Of this he has been able to convince Prince Bülow so well, that the Chancelor in a recent conversation, in which possible eventualities were discussed, remarked to Jules Cambon:

" 'You will place yourself at the side of Russia, just as we will place ourselves at the side of Austria.' "

BOYD-CARPENTER.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I always read with interest the articles of your dramatic critic about current plays, but I beg leave to take exception to his derogatory remarks in your issue of December 25, 1929, about Shakespeare's Measure for Measure. Let me quote what Shakespearean authorities have said about this play:

William Hazlitt in one of his famous lectures states: "This is a play as full of genius as it is of wisdom." Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke in their edition of Shakespeare's plays, wrote as to Measure for Measure, after alluding to sources

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of the plot: "Shakespeare with his knowledge of human nature, has adapted them for his purpose of dramatic moral teaching, by making them the groundwork of this noble and profoundly perceptive play. Out of strong and even repulsive materials, he has contrived to produce a lesson that may be taken to heart by all men."

The play has been withheld from the stage in this generation, except when the peerless Adelaide Neilson and the gifted Modjeska appeared in it. But now with the "new freedom" in discussing sex relations on the stage, in books and everywhere, it seems advisable and curiously apt, as the Theatre Assembly stated, to produce the play at this time. Mr. Skinner says that audiences resent frank mention of the professional sinner and her trade. He has evidently forgotten Camille and the number of recent plays of similar nature; but Measure for Measure is a story about man's lust and man's judicial hypocrisy, and it carries vigorous denunciation of these sins. The principal scene is duplicated in the opera La Tosca, which is often presented and acclaimed. In that scene, however, the woman murders her would-be seducer for her lover's sake. Quite different!

Like all Shakespeare's plays the wonderful thing is the delineation of different characters, and in Measure for Measure he added another beautiful type of womanhood, the saintly novice Isabella.

The drawback about Shakespeare's plays on the stage now is his blank verse and poetical language, so pregnant with deep meaning. The large majority of theatre-goers at present prefer to hear repeated on the stage what they hear in ordinary life, with its slang, coarse suggestions and profanity, or news of divorces or murder trials, or just tittle-tattle! But I am sure that among your readers most would prefer to hear what is really better and higher.

C. Bachem.

WE AND THE BRITISH

Providence, R. I.

To the Editor:—"And whatever happens, the British commonwealth and the United States will continue to buy each other's goods in increasing quantities just as though neither realized that, according to Communist dogma, they should regard each other as deadly enemies," says John Carter in The Commonweal for December 25. This is a new accusation against Communists, but propagandists use prejudice to deceive.

The Commonweal is outstanding in its advocacy of economic justice and it is not understandable to the writer how such an article as We and the British can find space in its columns. Economic justice can be approximated only as the nations of the world lessen the amount of their international trade. International trade produces the immense bulk of shipping, docks, terminals and railroads, all of which are owned by capitalists and represent a vast product of labor that has been appropriated from the workers. Extend the quantity of international trade, and the quantity of capital necessary for its transaction will be increased. All such capital is produced by labor but is not a particle of benefit to labor, because all such capital is owned by capitalists and no part of it can be available to feed, clothe and shelter the workers. The farther goods are transported to find the most profitable market for the capitalists, the greater the amount of capital required and the greater the deduction from the proper compensation to labor. The greater the amount of capital required, the greater the rate of interest the payment of which persists in keeping the real wages of labor on the border-line of subsistence.

A nation's welfare is now measured by the quantity of capital it possesses, but it is only evidence of the wealth of the few. If a country were really wealthy it would have but little capital and therefore there would be but little burden on the workers. The capitalist system cultivates inefficiency so that the workers may be exploited. It is the grand scheme which has robbed human beings of their skill in order to rob them of their product, and has succeeded in accomplishing its end.

M. P. Connery.

READING THE BIBLE IN SCHOOL

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:—Appearing in The Commonweal of November 27 is an article by Mark O. Shriver discussing the Reading The Bible in School, from which I quote the following: "Sooner or later the Supreme Court of the United States will be called on to determine whether the reading of the Bible in classrooms, without sectarian comment, is or is not an infringement of religious liberty and a denial of the constitutional right of the individual to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience."

It is my opinion that Mr. Shriver is absolutely wrong in assuming that this question can ever come before the Supreme Court of the United States as a violation of the First Amendment, namely: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

A careful reading of this shows obviously that religious liberty is not guaranteed to the citizens of the states; all that is guaranteed is that Congress shall pass no law denying it. This is an Amendment limiting the power of the federal government; it does not establish a right but rather prevents the federal government from interfering with the individual states in regulating the religious conditions within their boundaries. Consequently, the only way in which this Amendment can be violated, thus giving the Supreme Court of the United States jurisdiction, is by an act of Congress interfering with the religious conduct of the citizens. Unless Congress so acts, and it is morally certain it will not do so, the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction and the question cannot come before it.

Philomena R. Marsicano.

MRS. MEYNELL'S VIEWS

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:—The appreciation of Mrs. Meynell is shown by the enthusiastic reading of the memoir by her daughter Viola, for the world is ever eager to learn more about that very rare woman. Among a bundle of letters written me by Alice Meynell just after the war I found one of the greatest interest, as showing both her sincere idealism and her whole-hearted endorsement of the League of Nations and prohibition also.

She wrote: "As to the League of Nations, it is still my hope and prayer. It is difficult for us here to understand American party politics but this I know, that the man who conceived the League is the noblest of men and the nation that made prohibition a law is the noblest of nations; and I think if we ever have a mitigated prohibition and a new generation growing up without the desire and habit of alcohol, we shall owe this great reform to women." She finally adds: "I love America and Americans more than ever. My dearest friends have always been those of your dear country."

Alice Warren.

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BOOKS

Knowledge and Faith

The New Catholic Dictionary. New York: Universal Knowledge Foundation. Green cloth, $10.00; buckram, $12.50; half-leather, $15.00; cardinal red morocco, $25.00.

IT SEEMS almost certain that future historians dealing with the tremendous epoch preceding, during and following the world war, will find few subjects more important than the tremendous revival of the world-wide influence of the Catholic Church. The war itself, and the economic, political, racial and religious factors which brought about that catastrophe, and caused other major manifestations of human energy, such as the Russian Revolution and the International Peace Movement, appear to have sensational and what might be termed original features which undoubtedly must attract ordinary attention more profoundly than the revival of Catholicism. Yet such a view would be superficial for undoubtedly, when justly considered, the enormous expansion of so old and so familiar a thing as the Catholic Church is essentially a more arresting phenomenon than almost any other movement of the human spirit or the human mind. The part played by the Catholic Church in the United States will, of course, be a very prominent feature of the whole chapter of universal Catholic Action.

It is perhaps not a rash judgment to assert that, in considering the part played by the Catholic Church in the United States, no other single movement or achievement will exceed in importance the conception and execution of that epochal work of Catholic scholarship, the Catholic Encyclopedia. The names of Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, Bishop Shahan, Father Wynne, Monsignor Pace, Condé B. Pallen and their collaborators in that monumental achievement, must take a high place among the most rigorously selected group of modern Catholic leaders that might be compiled. Now the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of the Encyclopedia witnesses the appearance of the New Catholic Dictionary, compiled and edited by the late Condé B. Pallen and Father Wynne, with the editorial assistance of Charles F. Wemyss Brown, Blanche M. Kelly and Andrew A. MacErlean, under the auspices of the surviving editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia. No modern writer dealing with the Catholic Church in English-speaking countries can dispense with the Encyclopedia. The Dictionary, based upon the Encyclopedia yet essentially a work of a very different type, and designed to enter fields where the Encyclopedia would be too unwieldy an instrument, will enable unnumbered thousands of readers and writers who are not called upon to make a scientific and complete study of the Catholic religion, to be supplied with authentic knowledge on all the ordinary and useful facts connected with the Church and the part played by the Church in modern civilization.

More than two hundred writers, thirty-six of them members of the regular editorial staff of the Catholic Encyclopedia, labored under the direction of the chief editors in the making of the New Dictionary. The compression without distortion or harmful minimizing of the enormous amount of information dealing with practically every subject in religion, Scripture, tradition, doctrine, morals, the sacraments, rites, customs, devotions and symbolism of the Church, and also the facts concerning the Church in every country under the sun, is an extraordinary achievement; nor do the subjects mentioned nearly exhaust the topics authoritatively dealt with. The Catholic point of view concerning sects and false religions is explained in addition to the exposition of the Catholic faith itself. It is, moreover, a practical pageant of history, with many brief articles dealing with historical events and personages, in the Old Testament times and the times of the new dispensation, and with Popes, bishops, priests, men and women of intellectual and moral distinction. These articles relate, briefly yet sufficiently, what the Church has done for civilization, and incidentally correct many errors which have hitherto passed for true history.

Anything like a detailed review of this book would necessarily take up space which would almost rival the more than thousand pages of the volume itself. The purpose of this notice is entirely a practical one, namely, to urge upon the readers of The Commonweal, clergy and laity together, the fact that this book is practically indispensable for every home library, and that no better single volume could be chosen by Catholic groups to place in libraries, newspaper offices and other fountains of public opinion throughout the country. The defense of the Faith when attacked or misunderstood, and its extension through the spreading of correct information, has for a long time been handicapped by the lack of really trustworthy books of general information. There has been a flood of superficial literature, written with good and worthy intentions no doubt, but sadly lacking in the necessary elements of scholarship and clearly presented erudition.

The New Catholic Dictionary brings within the compass of a single volume practically all the information that the average intelligent Catholic or non-Catholic would require, and at the same time directs the attention of more thorough students to the Catholic Encyclopedia, the great quarry from which the dictionary has been hewed, and the other authoritative and scientific works from which the Encyclopedia itself derives so much of its material. In a time like the present, when the vulgarization and quantity-production even of literature dealing with the sacred subject of religion is one of the most demoralizing of social influences, the appearance of this new work is of primary importance.

A special feature of great and hopeful significance is the fact that among the more than two hundred collaborators there are so many lay scholars, thirty of them being women. The physical appearance and quality of the volume are most admirable. It is clearly and most readably printed on good paper, profusely illustrated with engravings, maps and half-tone plates.

It is most satisfactory to know that more than twelve thousand copies of the New Dictionary were sold prior to publication. That sale should be multiplied many times over in the near future if American Catholics realize, as they should, the merit of the instrument now placed in their hands for the service of the Church and civilization.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Seventeen Essays

An Attic Room, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

LOVERS of Pater (and they are too rare!) will recall a provocative sentence, at once perplexing and consoling, in his beautiful Conclusion to Studies in the Renaissance: "Not the fruit of experience but experience itself is the end," that is, the goal of living. It might well have been included on Mr. Coffin's title-page, for it admirably suggests the distinctive atmosphere of his most satisfying book.

The seventeen essays are charmingly illustrated by the author in pen and ink sketches, and are printed and bound in such

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a way as to do great credit to their publisher. Their substance is, perhaps, slight enough to those seeking only the dramatic, the pertinent, the controversial: a captain of the Maine coast, who "was after money and found poetry"; Saint-Pol drenched in sunlight; Devonshire, the delectable, from the marshes of Sedgemoor to Clovelly; March vacationing in a baker's wagon; a lyrical hymn in praise of fish in clear water and a veritable panegyric on fish in chowder; a road in Oxford and another in Maine, both streets sufficient for the quiet mind; Aunt Emma, who "taught one that out of the vigor of repression comes strength to take one to war or to the still sterner issues of life"; (What a wholesome lesson for the modern psychologist could he but learn it!) and, best of all, an analysis of the coast-of-Maine temperament in all its manifold and paradoxical traits, an analysis singularly convincing to a reviewer who was born and bred, as was Mr. Coffin himself, in that rocky, windswept Eden.

Such subjects as these will never, perhaps, cheat chimney corners of their occupants; and still there are those of us who have yet to be persuaded that chimney corners are not among the best of vantage-grounds for looking forth upon the world. For such recalcitrant minds as ours Mr. Coffin's book is a delight, to read and reread with ever-increasing pleasure. Its sketches of England, of France and of the Maine coast arise from experiences and sensations obviously cultivated and enjoyed for their own sakes, not for their "fruits." Whimsical, humorous, mellow, delicate, they minister in their own sure and beneficent manner to such readers as are like-minded with their author.

Booksellers may claim there is small demand for personal and aesthetic essays. Editors may send them streaking homeward in long envelopes. Only sanguine and idealistic publishers may perchance invest money in them. Nevertheless, one refuses to believe that the mental equipment necessary for their enjoyment is no longer among us; for to embrace that assumption means to deny the saving graces of humor, of an avidity for ideas, of a love of the purely whimsical, of a delight in words and phrases for their own sake. Without all of which, how flat, stale and unprofitable the human mind! Surely An Attic Room, and the interest it must generate among the best readers of the country, will refute any such monstrously conceived notion that essays are no longer in demand.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

How Not to Read

Practical Criticism: A Study of Literary Judgment, by I. A. Richards. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.00.

CERTAIN awkward suspicions have occasionally afflicted every thoughtful person who has attempted to teach the appreciation of literature in schools or colleges. Especially when he has, in duty bound, asked his students to "respond" to "standard" poetry, he has wondered whether their panic and indecision, or worse, their glib statements, were really genuine responses to the poetry itself, or only irrelevant, silly reflexes induced by the whole unnatural and perhaps silly situation. Suspicions of this kind received disturbing confirmation a few years ago, when the Columbia University Research Bureau printed a series of deliberately mangled passages of poetry, together with the originals, and required many persons, some of them specialists in criticism, to choose the versions that seemed "best" to them. The resultant suffrages apparently indicated that the average hack psychologist could "improve" Milton, Burns and Carl Sandburg with astonishing ease. Entertaining experiments of this kind are readily performed. We read, say, a sonnet, not knowing its authorship. Then we are told it is one of Shakespeare's, and again we read it—but how differently! And what if we are now told that it was composed by Ella Wheeler Wilcox?

Such situations raise rather important questions in both aesthetics and pedagogy. When we ordinarily read "literature," do we make any really considerable attempt to discover what the author intended to communicate to us? Do we ever judge the composition on its merits alone? How much of what we think we find in it was unconsciously put there by ourselves? How large a part is played by our irrelevant prejudices and preconceptions? Just what is the nature, and the extent, of the barriers that separate us from the artist? Can he ever get just a square deal—nothing less and nothing more?

In his new book, Mr. Richards makes a determined attempt to discover some of the answers. It is largely the record of a very comprehensive series of tests. He submitted thirteen quite different poems, anonymously, to groups of university students specializing in literature, instructed them to attack each poem several times, as vigorously and as honestly as possible, and to write out a considered, matured response. These responses he has classified scientifically, to see what they reveal. The results are almost terrifying. They reveal a shocking inability, on the part of the readers, to make out the plain meanings of statements, to construe simple English sentences. They show how wofully lacking in elementary information and equipment the better-than-average reader is, how bewildered he is, how pathetically timid, how dangerously he is addicted to "stock responses," to the feeling and saying only of what seems to be expected of him, how dependent upon "authority," how infected with a variety of absurd pretensions which border upon plain dishonesty.

The honest reader of Mr. Richards's exciting book is invited to participate in the experiment, inasmuch as the authorship of the poems is divulged only in a folded appendix which he is urged not to consult until he has read the "responses" and added his own to the collection. This feature makes the book as fascinating as many a detective or mystery yarn. And the results will be of undoubted value for the sciences of criticism and of teaching in general.

They should certainly serve to make our own reading a trifle more careful and sensitive, and should, above all, induce in us the excellent virtue of humility. They might indeed have humbled even the not always infallible Mr. Richards a little. Unfortunately he presents no evidence that he himself profited in this direction by his researches. Had he expressed his own attitudes with less cockiness, with less arrogance and smirking smartness, with a less scornful and presumptuous air of superiority, he might have communicated his own message somewhat more effectively.

Even so, Practical Criticism is his best book so far. It is less ambitious, perhaps, than some of his other works, but it is not, like them, disfigured by his attempts to put forward a very debatable and flimsy "psychological theory of value." Despite its rather forbidding scientific and tabular aspect, it makes highly amusing and instructive reading. Its passages on the necessary distinction between emotional and intellectual belief, its ardent propaganda for more energetic critical and appreciative efforts, its defense of logical analysis, and its concrete, illuminating, independent conclusions will win it a well-deserved place among the few really indispensable volumes on the book-shelf of the educator and the poetry lover.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

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Know Thyself

The Mind at Mischief, by William S. Sadler. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $4.00.

THE reviewer makes no claim to a special knowledge of psychology. Perhaps that is why, since he can read this book with enjoyment and profit, he can so whole-heartedly recommend it to the average intelligent reader.

It deals with the field just past the borderland of normal psychology. The person whose mental make-up lies within that field is already given to introspection and self-criticism. He will gain much by learning the truth about himself and will perhaps be heartened by discovering that the very weaknesses he fears are shared by many and can be overcome. The normal mind will also profit by this remarkably sane and clear presentation of the almost unlimited deceptions that the mind can work upon its possessor.

The subconcious is first described. It is the storehouse of past events and ideas and the interassociations of these that originate within the mind itself. The totality of our past life, so little of which even the most perfect memory can focus within the vision of consciousness, but which can arise and overwhelm the weak or the unwary until the real and the unreal become unextricably tangled.

The instinct and the emotions are classified under five main headings: 1. The life urge—the self-preservation group; 2. The sex urge—the reproduction group; 3. The worship urge—the religious group; 4. The power urge—the egotistic group; 5. The social urge—the herd group. This classification is opposed to Freud's emphasis upon the sex instinct and Adler's insistence upon the ego group. The author recognizes the importance of those two, but gives ample evidence that the broader classification is sound.

The main part of the book discusses the great variety of abnormal states, worries, fears, inferiority complexes, etc., and illustrates them by examples drawn from the wealth of the author's experience. In many cases the manner of diagnosis is outlined and a cure or marked improvement is recorded.

Some of the most interesting sections deal with telepathy, automatic writing and spiritualism. Admittedly much of this is fraud perpetrated upon a willing public, but the author has examined many sincere mediums—self-deceived to be sure, but honest. It is here, and in dealing with hysterics and paranoiacs, that the deceptions practised by the subconscious are the most extraordinary. Fears, pains, ideas, are all projected from the wide domain of the subconscious into the spotlight of consciousness, and appear as real. Self-deception can go to such extremes that the medium whose whole psychic being is concentrated upon a single idea sees the disembodied spirit before the mind'e eye and can lead the more susceptible into the same psychologic error.

The author is too cognizant of the depths of the mind to regard man as purely material. He is a scientist and uses the methods of science, but spiritual forces are an ever-present reality to him. That these are not the "spirits" of the medium the following quotation shows: "I do not doubt the existence of spiritual forces, but I believe that they are engaged in operating in the spiritual realm, and that their time is not occupied with trivial intrusion into the materialistic realm—intrusion, apparently, with no more serious mission than the performance of marvels for the mystification of mortal minds."

The message of the book, alike for the individual handicapped by an abnormal psychologic state and for the normal mind, is as follows: Know yourself. You have certain capabilities and certain limitations. Make the best of them. You are living in a real world and can gain nothing by conscious or subconscious evasion, by self-excuse or self-deception. Discover what you can do, and do that to the best of your ability. In this way you will conquer yourself and in so doing gain as much of this world as it was meant for you to have.

There is no pandering to weakness here, to phobias and hysterics. Self-knowledge and the will to conquer are within the grasp of all.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

Wit in Stanzas

Wild Apples, by Oliver Gogarty. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.00.

THIS slender volume of verse is the first book to be published in America from the pen of a man who has been a lively and active figure in the literary life of Dublin for twenty-five years. Dr. Gogarty's vivid and compelling personality and his sharp wit have won him something like a legendary character in literary and political circles in Ireland since the first feverish days of the Revival—so that his laughing figure walks in and out of the pages of various chronicles of that time. One encounters him, for example, in George Moore's Hail and Farewell, as one of that company distinguished by the names of A. E. and Yeats and Lady Gregory, and again—under another name, of course—in Joyce's Ulysses.

The picture of literary Ireland of the nineties and the early years of this century, with the solemn face of the "somnambulistic" Yeats, and the bearded and benign A. E. and the maternal and four-square Lady Gregory, would be incomplete if it omitted the smiling countenance of this satanic wit. Literature with the Irish has always been a more definitely personal record than with others—more frankly and peculiarly autobiographical, and more given to the naming of names. One thinks of Gogarty and his published and unpublished poems as directly in the descent of the old satiric bards who named their targets and marked them for a personal immortality that has been a chuckle down the centuries. It is in this rôle—and as raconteur—that Gogarty is happiest; and it is the misfortune of readers at a distance that more tender skins and more stringent libel laws, in these days, confine the circulation of many fine satires on well-known figures to the subterranean channels of unpublished circulation.

Something of all this perhaps as much as the law allows or as much as would interest aliens at a distance—transpires in this volume prepared for American circulation. There is enough to give an intimation of the character and quality of mind behind the book. But—wisely, in the circumstances, and perhaps more fortunately for enduring interest—the poems here have come out of that other genius which everyone feels in contact with Gogarty or his work: the ingenuous and wise and youthful spirit of authentic lyricism. Here, too, he is in the tradition of his country's poetry—with its fresh exuberance, its delight in the shapes and colors of the natural world, an amazed and youthful interest in the perennial recurrence of life and its repititious phenomena. So far he is racial and traditional, and the face that looks out of the poems is the Irish face of ingenuous wonder and delight, or poetic sadness and dream—all touched, characteristically, with the mild and unobtrusive mysticism of a race historically troubled by an awareness of another world beyond this. But if this racial and traditional quality is present, it is sharply modified by the peculiar and individual accent of a mind to which wit is native and scholarship a delight and science a practice (for he is a surgeon).

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Not all the poems are entirely successful, and when some of them fail, it is because the lyric poet is momentarily banished by the wit or the scholar or the scientist. This is the price of poetry from the amphibian—and it is paid, ungrudgingly, by readers who may possess themselves, at this price or any other, of so fine a poem as the vigorous and imaginative The Crab Tree, or so translucent and unforgettable a lyric as Fresh Fields. There are portraits, also, done with a fine precision and concentration and a quality of penetrative imagination which they share with the work as a whole.

DAVID MORTON.

Life with a Capital

The Cradle of God, by Llewelyn Powys. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THESE are days of popularization. The intelligence which in former years wrote historical novels is now well pleased to conduct a single identity through the 300 pages of thumbed facts and small talk which constitute a popular biography. Similarly, the book market is flooded each season with condensations of authoritative work on the sciences, and summaries of philosophic thought. Even the Bible has not escaped the current mania for recapitulation. For the benefit of the overdriven, it has more than once been summarized and presented in the inevitable tabloid. All of which is by way of insisting that such dilution and retailing of the world's best thought and writing is bound in the end to conduce to some emotional and intellectual maladjustment.

Yet such recapitulation may be permissible if done with competence and skill. Mr. Llewelyn Powys, for example, has just rewritten the Testaments. He has completed his work in a careful biblical English, and annotated the text with his own commentaries and moral conclusions. Being a genial pagan, with a genial pagan's tolerance for what he considers to be a monomania which originated in the head of the patriarch Abraham, Mr. Powys has approached the issues of Judaism and Christianity from a view-point vaguely Hellenic. Add to this preparation a dash of the current "humanism"; a dogged disbelief in any but scientific explanations of abnorml phenomena; and a childlike credence for anything which contradicts the biblical record, and you have the essence of The Cradle of God.

Many of Mr. Powys's textual garnishments are non-biblical quotations of, I trust, comparative authenticity. He has incorporated into the actual record of events any number of legends and suppositions which make for misrepresentation. For instance, he writes: "There can be no doubt that in actual fact Jesus Christ was born, not in a manger in Bethlehem, but in a little house in the hillside village of Nazareth.... The birth of this child was unheralded; and in all probability he was the legitimate son of a humble artizan whose name was Joseph. 'And Joseph to whom was espoused the Virgin Mary begot Jesus who was called the Messiah.' This is the ungarbled record of the ancient Syric manuscript recently discovered in the Monastery of Mount Sinai." To base a conviction on the evidence of one unproven manuscript, however ancient, is to fall into an error generally attributed to the orthodox.

Mr. Powys is convinced of the excellence and durability of Life with a capital. If he believes the way to the earthly paradise to be over the articulate dust of Isaiah and the proud moldered bones of Paul, rather than through them, it is his affair. But the idea has been tried with every succeeding generation, and little has come of it.

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After Domremy

Joan of Arc, by Hilaire Belloc. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.75.

IT WOULD have been a thousand pities if all the enthusiastic remembrance of Joan of Arc conjured by this quincentenary year of her victories should have failed to crystallize into some permanent tribute. And for English-speaking readers the crystallization has been accomplished in this brief classic from the hand of the indefatigable Mr. Belloc.

In 125 pages—scarcely double the number consumed by Mr. Shaw in the preface to Saint Joan—we are given in admirable summary the life and death of the immortal Maid of France. Such condensation, where facts are so crowded and theories at times so controversial, is of course not less than a tour de force. Even Mr. Belloc could scarcely have achieved it had he not kept resolutely to the main objective story; sacrificing innumerable tender and authentic details of that story, sacrificing the opportunity he would have reveled in to sift those theories, even sacrificing—as scarcely as any other biographer has been willing to do—his own subjective reaction to so thrilling a theme. For the story is told as an epic, almost without visible emotion save where some burning adjective sears with white-hot love or loathing. Its fervor is all by implication, although its faith in Joan and her election by the High King of heaven is explicit enough. And if there are moments when the narrative suggests the gracious naïveté of some old chronicle, there are still finer moments when it recalls the august simplicity of the synoptic Gospels themselves.

As a piece of history, Hilaire Belloc gives us probably the most vivid and highly concentrated summary of the stormy years preceding and covering Joan's life yet put into words. As a piece of biography, he gives us with a stark beauty worthy of his theme a masterful introduction to the story of Joan of Arc. And few readers, either old or young, being so initiated, will fail to probe further into one of the most inspiring and heart-subduing of all human records.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

Science and Religion

Truths to Live By, by J. Elliot Ross. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

THIS is a book for which all Christians ought to be very grateful. The author has spent much of his life among the students and professors of Columbia University, and is well acquainted with the truths, views and opinions emanating from writers and scientists. He has done excellent service in showing that no truths of science are at variance with the eternal verities of revealed religion.

These "truths to live by" are not a symposium of all the doctrines that make up the spiritual and intellectual life of a Catholic—they do not embrace our belief in the Incarnation with its consequences, the Church, the sacraments, the Mass. But they are even more fundamental than distinctly Catholic doctrines. (One hopes, in passing, that Father Ross may be tempted to elucidate the latter in a future volume, to form a sequel to this one.)

These are the truths presented and demonstrated in the present book: the reasonableness of faith in spite of reason's inability to understand the mysteries involved; the veritable existence of God the eternal Creator; His attributes; man, his nature and his immortality. A few years ago there was no great need for such a book, but now the need for it is to be seen everywhere,

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among young boys and girls in the high schools, among our colleges and universities, even among the average citizens of our country. Unless there is unquestioned and firm belief in these truths, it is useless to talk about such things as the Divinity of Christ, His Real Presence in the Mass and the Holy Eucharist, the infallibility of the Pope, etc. Underlying much of the practical agnosticism of today, of the unwillingness to consider the claims of the Church, is an uncertainty or disbelief concerning the existence of a personal God, a doubt about the survival of the soul after death—and this attitude rests forsooth on "science." Never in the past have the truths, the theories and the guesses of men of science been brought to the attention of the average individual as in the present hour.

The careful reading of this book of Father Ross's will satisfy many a perplexed mind, will actually convince that the ablest exponents of physics, chemistry, biology, anthropology, astronomy, are by men without faith, without religion.

Because of the lucid, attractive, almost personal style in which truths the most fundamental and important are presented in this volume, I know of no book that I should prefer to place in the hands of educated readers.

WILLIAM F. MCGINNIS.

Dynasty in Perspective

The Kings of England, by Clive Bigham. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $6.00.

FOR a period of 835 years, Great Britain was ruled by five dynasties, the Norman, the Plantaganet, the Tudor, the Stuart and finally the Hanoverian, which closed with the death of Queen Victoria on January 22, 1901. Of these dynasties the Plantaganet lasted over three hundred years or approximately 39 percent of the period. The actual number of monarchs was thirty-six, of whom five were queens; of the monarchs only two lived to be over eighty years of age, and only four reigned more than fifty years.

Of these thirty-six monarchs, eight met violent deaths before the age of fifty; six witnessed the ravages and miseries of civil war within their kingdom; seven were actually driven from the throne and deposed, while of the total number of monarchs presented to us, no less than ten were usurpers. Further, this volume informs us that of the twenty-nine kings who married, eight may be said to have been happy with their wives, while six were known to be unhappy with their children—this latter condition being singularly noticeable entirely throughout the Plantaganet dynasty.

The volume is indexed and well illustrated, though some of the portraits included are old friends possibly reproduced from previous histories. But Mr. Bigham has presented the various reigns in a pithy and picturesque manner, making the reading much more interesting than the nineteenth-century regal histories.

There is noticeably little indication throughout the volume of a wish to force scholarly predilections or pet theories upon the reader. There is a frank recognition, too, that the kingly office is not at present enjoying a world-wide popularity—even though the author seeks to find in the position of King George V "the central link of his dominions" and to see in this monarch of our own day "the representative of the races that he rules."

The book might well be used in schools and colleges as additional reading on account of its interpretative values of the characters and policies of English monarchs.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

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Dr. Cram will give two lectures, the first on January 17 and the second on January 31. Reservations for these two lectures should be made at once as the capacity of the Pius X Hall, where the lectures will be given, is limited and tickets for the individual lectures are assigned in order of application.

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Briefer Mention

The Harley Street Calendar, by H. H. Bashford. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THIS is a fascinating book. It is made up of biographical sketches of eleven great British medical men, beginning with Gilbert "the Englishman" (born in the twelfth century) and embracing such famous names as Harvey, Hans Sloane, Jenner, Lister and the Canadian-born Osler who died just a decade ago. The author has caught the spirit of the physicians of whom he writes, as when he says of Sydenham that he weighed in "a nice and scrupulous balance whether it be better to serve men or be praised by them." And of the shrewd and worldly Sloane who achieved fame, fortune and social position, he says, "His consulting rooms were crowded, till ten every evening, with the poor whom he saw for nothing." The ease of the author's style and the book's freedom from technical terms commend it to the layman no less than to the physician.

Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand, by Anna De Koven. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

WHEN the master of Strawberry Hill went to Paris, he found an extraordinary friend in Madame du Deffand, whose salon had been one of the genuinely distinguished coins de Paris. Though she was then old and blind, her mind and her emotions were so energetic that the more cautious Englishman was not infrequently taken aback. Mrs. De Koven has written a fluent commentary around the letters which passed between the two, thus affording new glimpses of Walpole's elusive character and resurrecting the fastidious literary sociability of Paris under Louis XV. This book is intended for the sophisticated reader who cares for social history. Typographically it is one of the charming trade editions of the season.

The French Revolution, by Thomas Carlyle. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.

HISTORICAL research has unearthed many facts about the origin and progress of the French Revolution which Carlyle did not know. Nevertheless his book continues to be read, it merits attention, it enforces respect. The present edition uses a rather small type in order to compress the work into two sizable volumes, but is admirable in every other respect. Nothing in the way of corrective annotation is added, the only editorial material being a spirited introduction by Mr. Hilaire Belloc. This rambles a little. But one agrees that, after all the defects of Carlyle have been added up, The French Revolution is a "great and enduring work."

CONTRIBUTORS

UMBERTO GUGGIERI is an authority on Roman relations.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America, and director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is the author of A Living Wage; and Social Reconstruction.

L. A. G. STRONG, professor at Oxford, is the author of Dublin Days.

ALPHONSE BERGET is a French writer on scientific topics.

REV. JOSEPH F. THORNING, S.J., has been active in the Catholic Association for International Peace, as chairman of the Committee on the Relations of the United States and Europe.

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN is on the contributing staff of the Oregonian.

MARY ELLEN CHASE is professor of English literature in Smith College, and the author of The Golden Asse and Other Essays.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR., is a literary critic, author of Thomas Hardy; A Study, and lecturer on English literature at Columbia University.

WILLIAM M. AGAR is professor of geology in Columbia University.

LEO KENNEDY is an associate editor of the Canadian Mercury.

KATHERINE BRÉGY is a critic and poet, and the author of The Poet's Chantry; and Poets and Pilgrims.

RT. REV. WILLIAM F. MCGINNIS, the president of the Catholic Truth Society, is a pastor in the diocese of Brooklyn, New York.

BOYD-CARPENTER, a writer on European politics, is a professor in the Department of Political Philosophy of Fordham University.

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